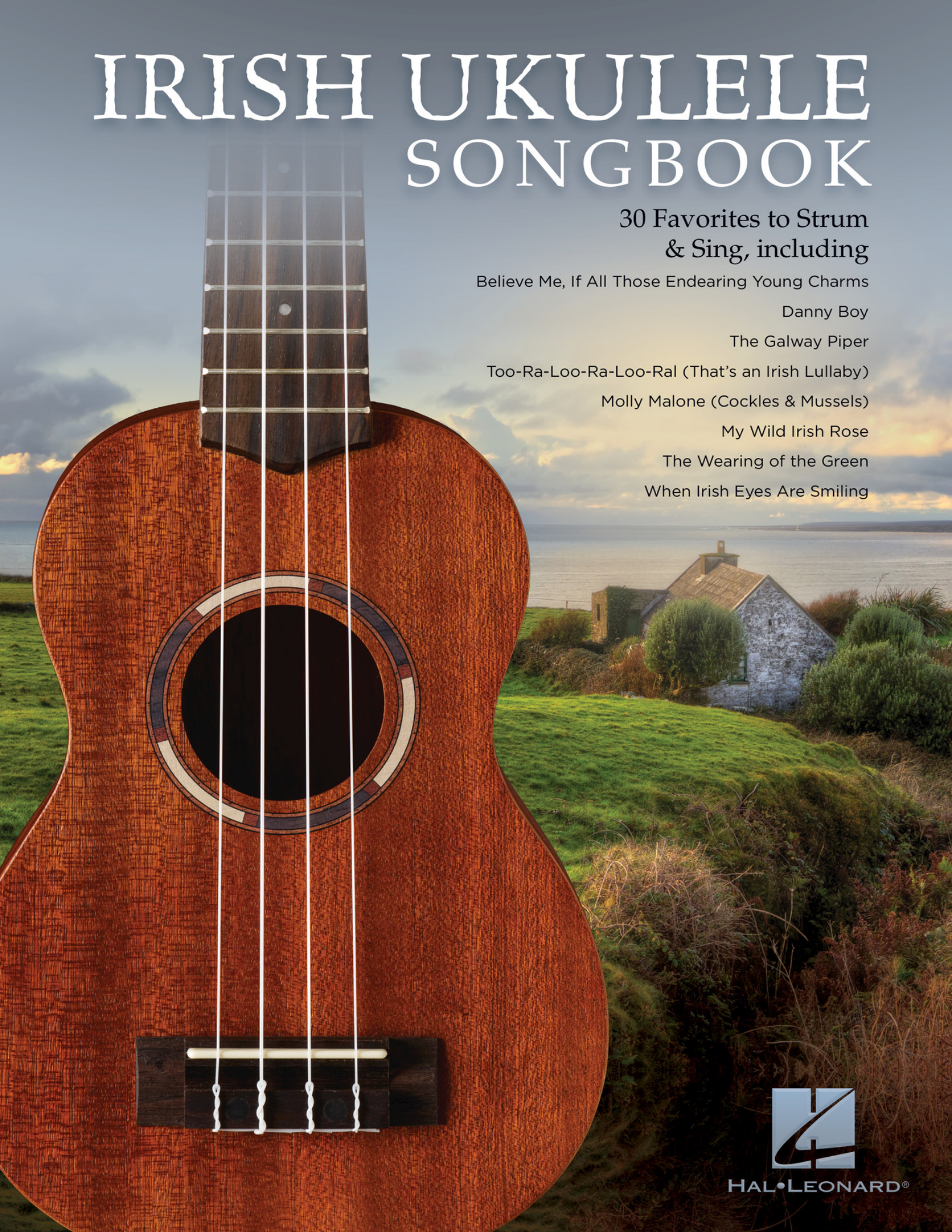

IRISH UKULELE SONGBOOK

30 Favorites to Strum & Sing, including

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Danny Boy

The Galway Piper

Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral (That's an Irish Lullaby)

Molly Malone (Cockles & Mussels)

My Wild Irish Rose

The Wearing of the Green

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

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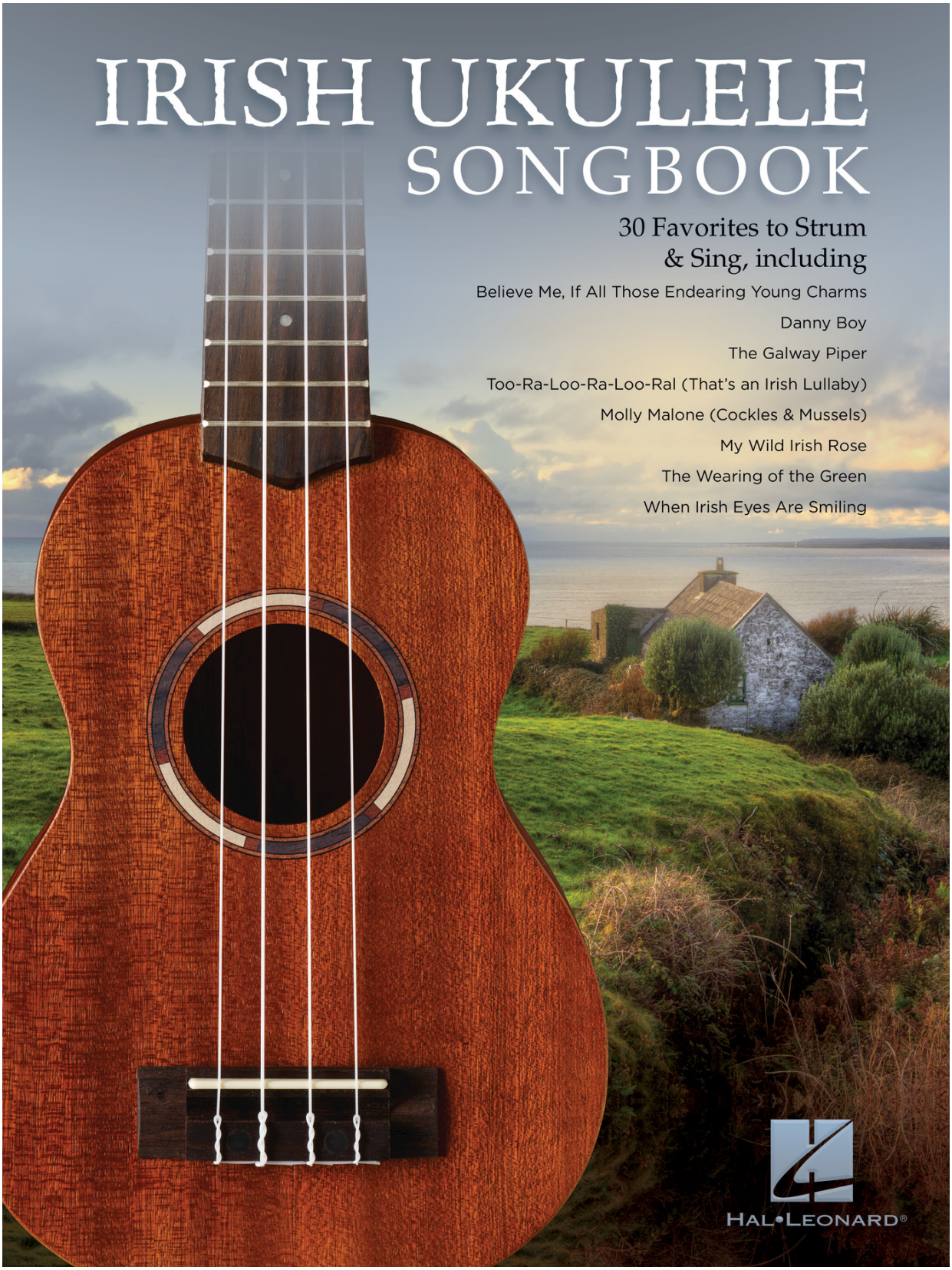
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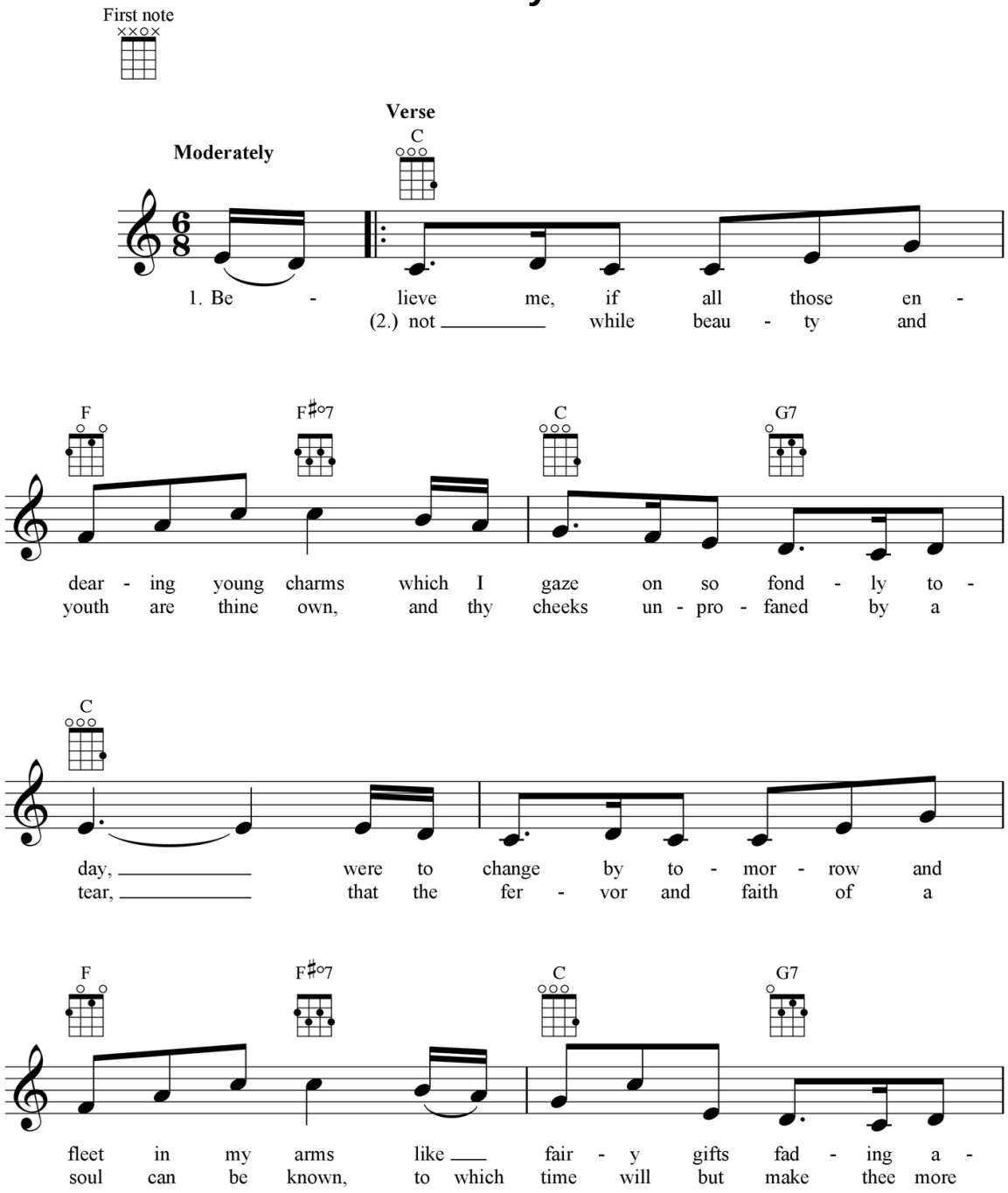
Wild Rover

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Words and Music by Thomas Moore


First note
Verse
Moderately
C
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en -
(2.) not _____ while beau - ty and
F
F♯°7
C
G7
dear - ing young charms which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
youth are thine own, and thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a
C
day, _____ were to change by to - mor - row and
tear, _____ that the fer - vor and faith of a
F
F♯°7
C
G7
fleet in my arms like ___ fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
soul can be known, to which time will but make thee more

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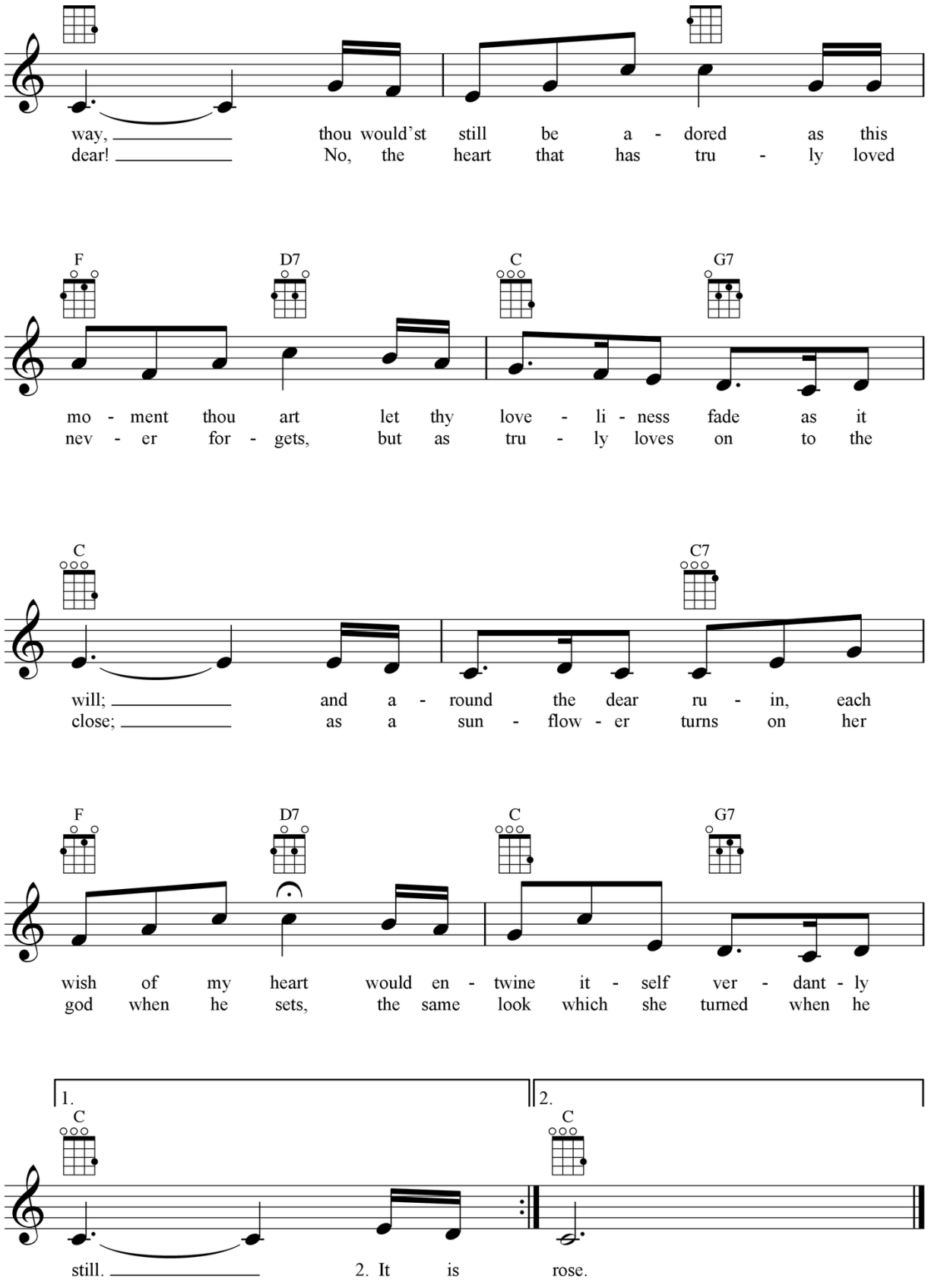
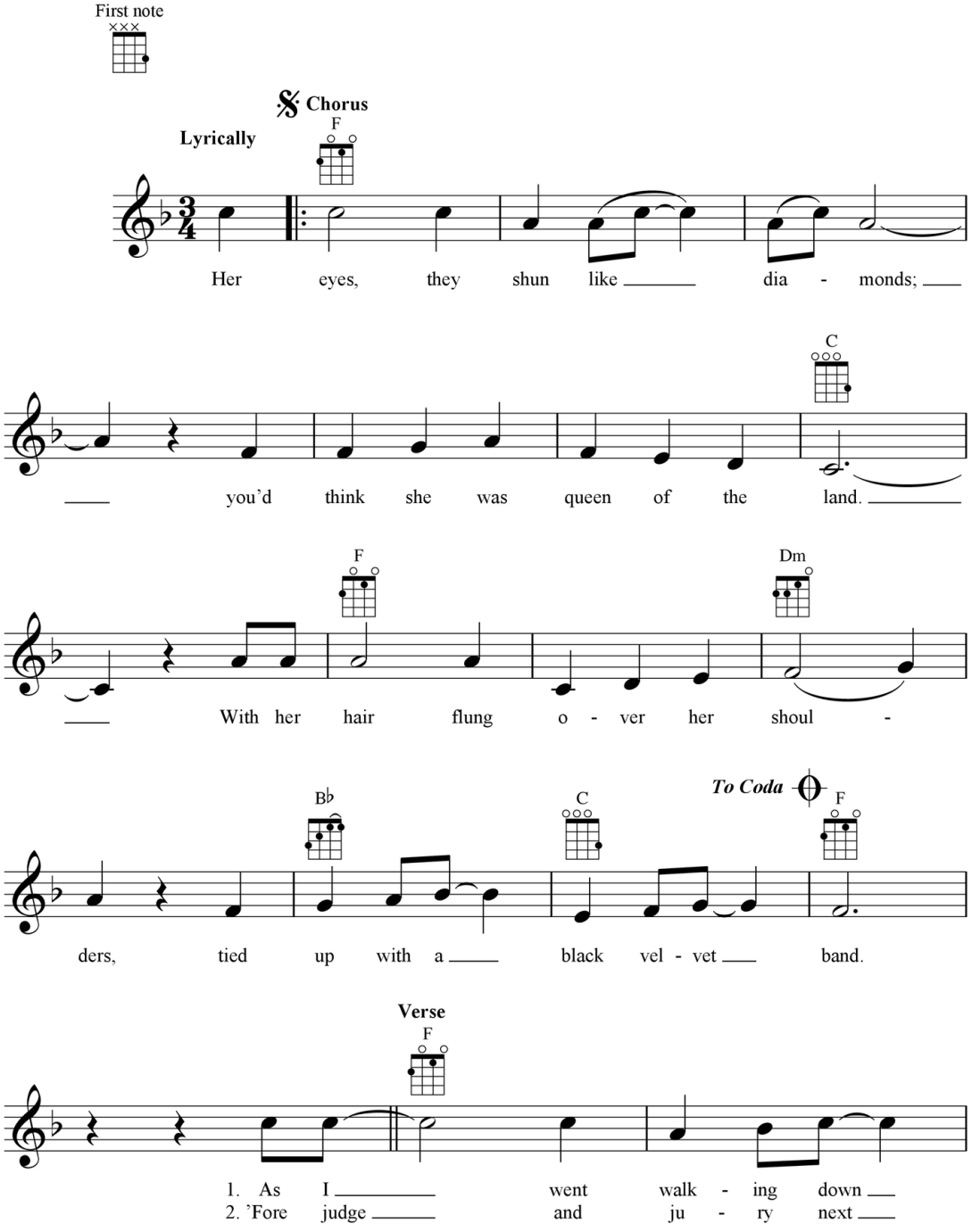
C Am


way, thou would'st still be a - dored as this
dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved
F D7 C G7
mo - ment thou art let thy love - li - ness fade as it
nev - er for - gets, but as tru - ly loves on to the
C C7
will; and a - round the dear ru - in, each
close; as a sun - flow - er turns on her
F D7 C G7
wish of my heart would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly
god when he sets, the same look which she turned when he
1. 2.
C C
still. 2. It is rose.

Black Velvet Band

Traditional Irish Folk Song

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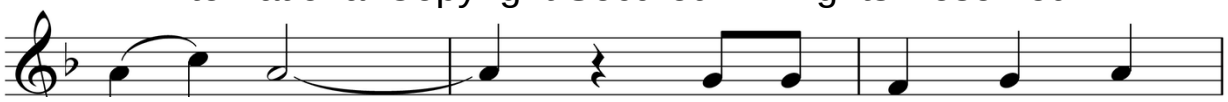
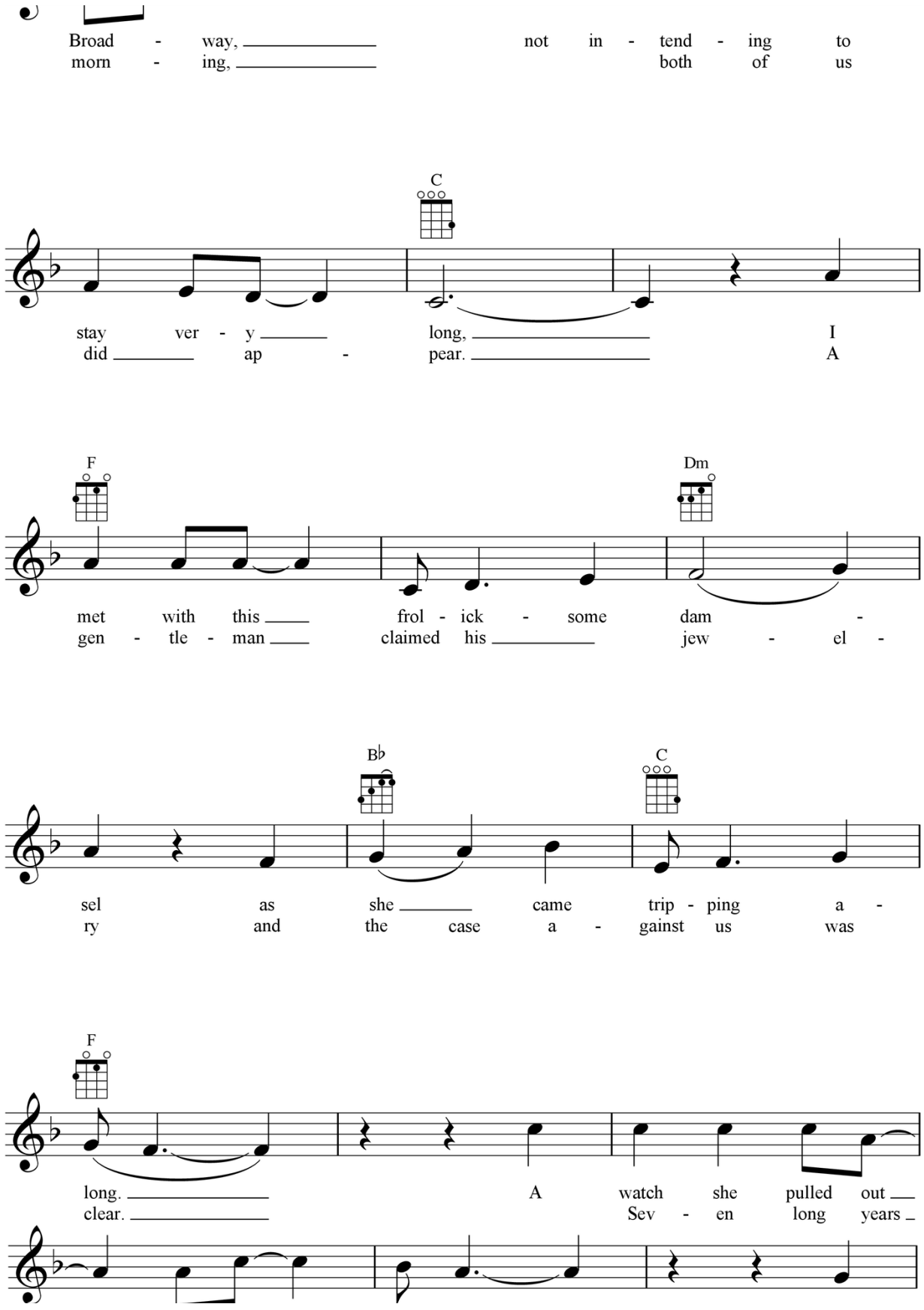
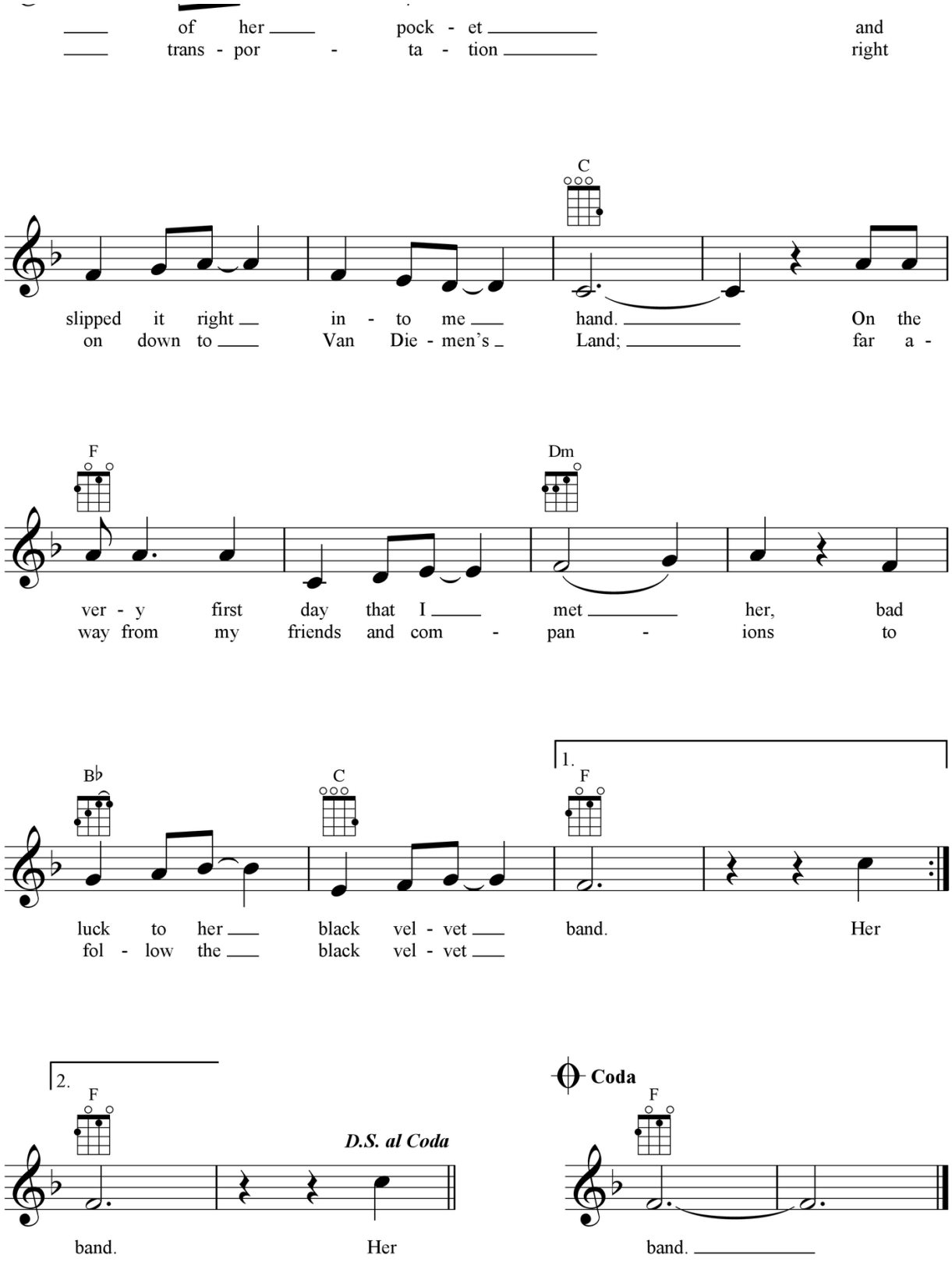
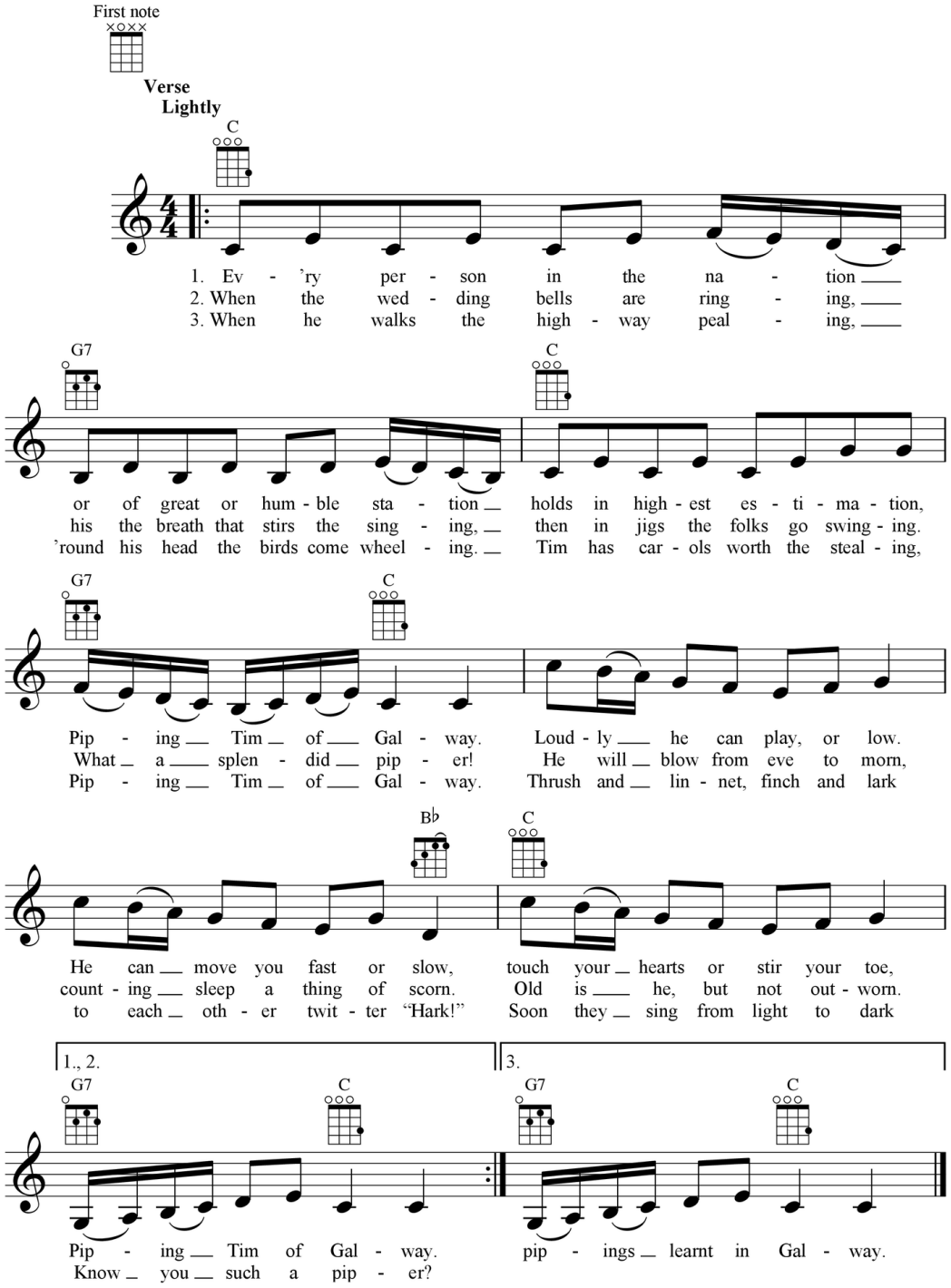


Broad - way, not in - tend - ing to
morn - ing, both of us
C
stay ver - y long, I
did ap - pear. A
F
Dm
met with this frol - ick - some dam -
gen - tle - man claimed his jew - el -
B♭
C
sel as she came trip - ping a -
ry and the case a - gainst us was
F
long. A watch she pulled out
clear. Sev - en long years

of her pock - et and
trans - por - ta - tion right
C
slipped it right in - to me hand. On the
on down to Van Die - men's Land; far a -
F
Dm
ver - y first day that I met her, bad
way from my friends and com - pan - ions to
B♭
C
1.
F
luck to her black vel - vet band. Her
fol - low the black vel - vet
2.
F
D.S. al Coda
band. Her
Coda
F
band.

The Galway Piper

Irish Folksong

Irish Folksong


First note
Verse
Lightly
C
1. Ev - 'ry per - son in the na - tion
2. When the wed - ding bells are ring - ing,
3. When he walks the high - way peal - ing,
G7
C
or of great or hum - ble sta - tion holds in high - est es - ti - ma - tion,
his the breath that stirs the sing - ing, then in jigs the folks go swing - ing.
'round his head the birds come wheel - ing. Tim has car - ols worth the steal - ing,
G7
C
Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way. Loud - ly he can play, or low.
What a splen - did pip - er! He will blow from eve to morn,
Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way. Thrush and lin - net, finch and lark
B♭
C
He can move you fast or slow, touch your hearts or stir your toe,
count - ing sleep a thing of scorn. Old is he, but not out - worn.
to each oth - er twit - ter "Hark!" Soon they sing from light to dark
1., 2.
3.
G7
C
G7
C
Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way. pip - ings learnt in Gal - way.
Know you such a pip - er?

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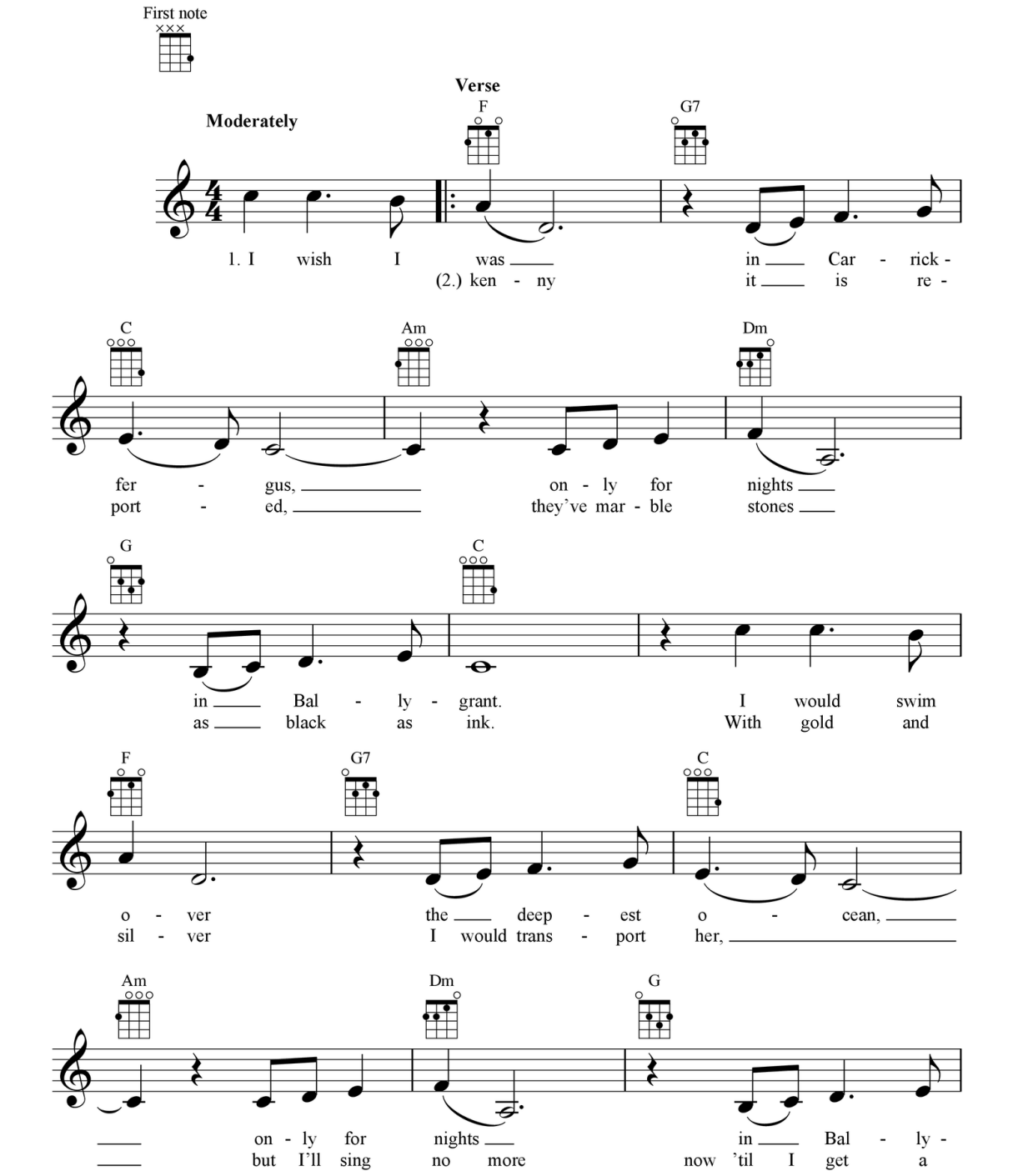
Carrickfergus

Traditional Irish Folk Song


First note
Verse
Moderately
F
G7
1. I wish I was in Car - rick -
(2.) ken - ny it is re -
C
Am
Dm
fer - gus, on - ly for nights
port - ed, they've mar - ble stones
G
C
in Bal - ly - grant. I would swim
as black as ink. With gold and
F
G7
C
o - ver the deep - est o - cean,
sil - ver I would trans - port her,
Am
Dm
G
on - ly for nights in Bal - ly -
but I'll sing no more now 'til I get a

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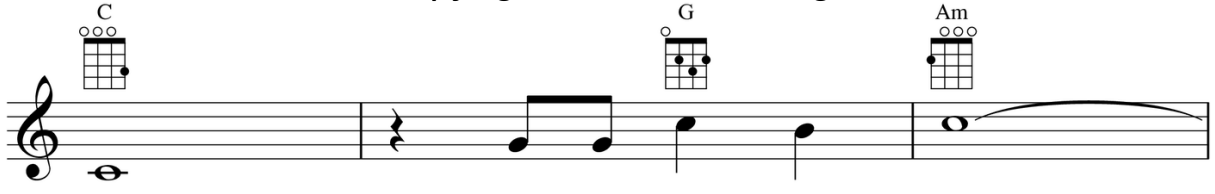
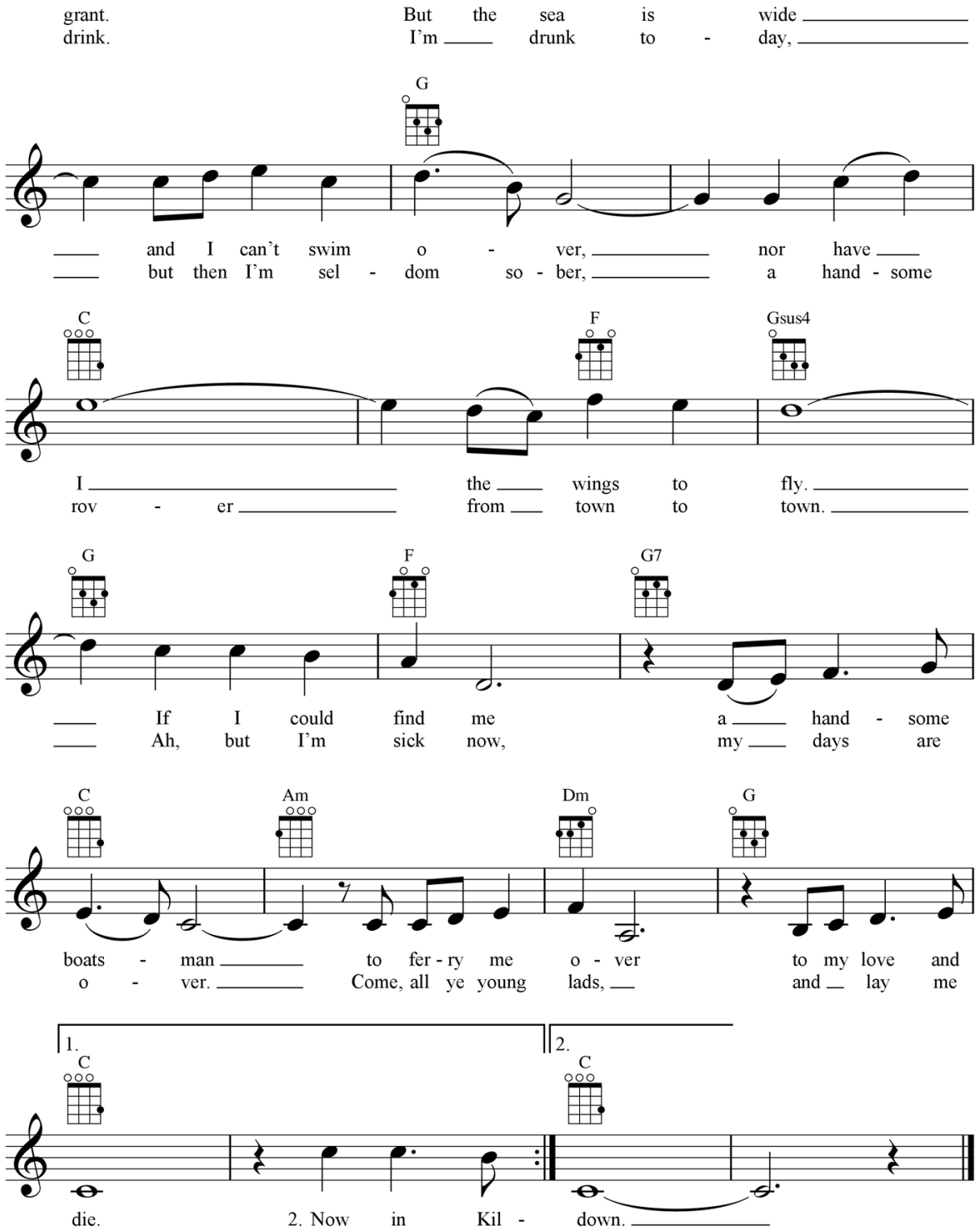
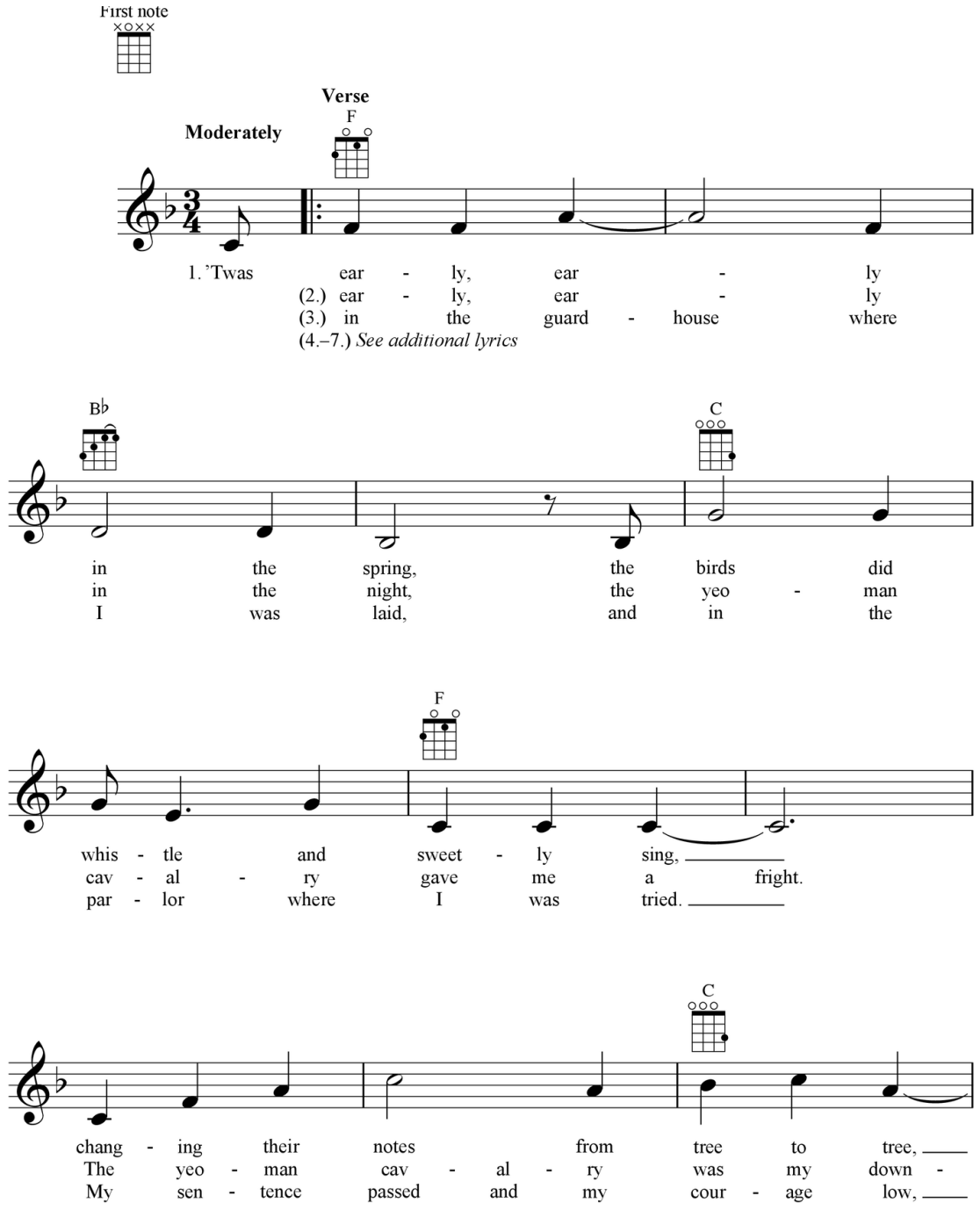


grant. But the sea is wide
drink. I'm drunk to - day,
G
and I can't swim o - ver, nor have
but then I'm sel - dom so - ber, a hand - some
C
F
Gsus4
I the wings to fly.
rov - er from town to town.
G
F
G7
If I could find me a hand - some
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are
C
Am
Dm
G
boats - man to fer - ry me o - ver to my love and
o - ver. Come, all ye young lads, and lay me
1.
2.
C
C
die.
2. Now in Kil - down.

The Croppy Boy

Eighteenth Century Irish Folksong

First note
Verse
Moderately
F
1. 'Twas ear - ly, ear - ly
(2.) ear - ly, ear - ly
(3.) in the guard - house where
(4.–7.) See additional lyrics
B♭
C
in the spring, the birds did
in the night, the yeo - man
I was laid, and in the
F
whis - tle and sweet - ly sing,
cav - al - ry gave me a fright.
par - lor where I was tried.
C
chang - ing their notes from tree to tree,
The yeo - man cav - al - ry was my down -
My sen - tence passed and my cour - age low,

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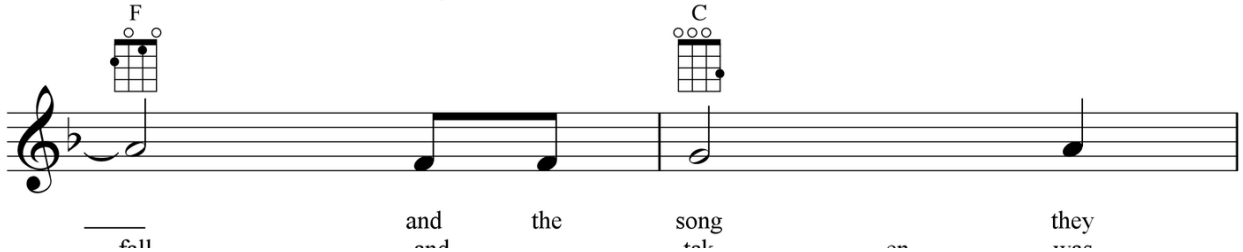
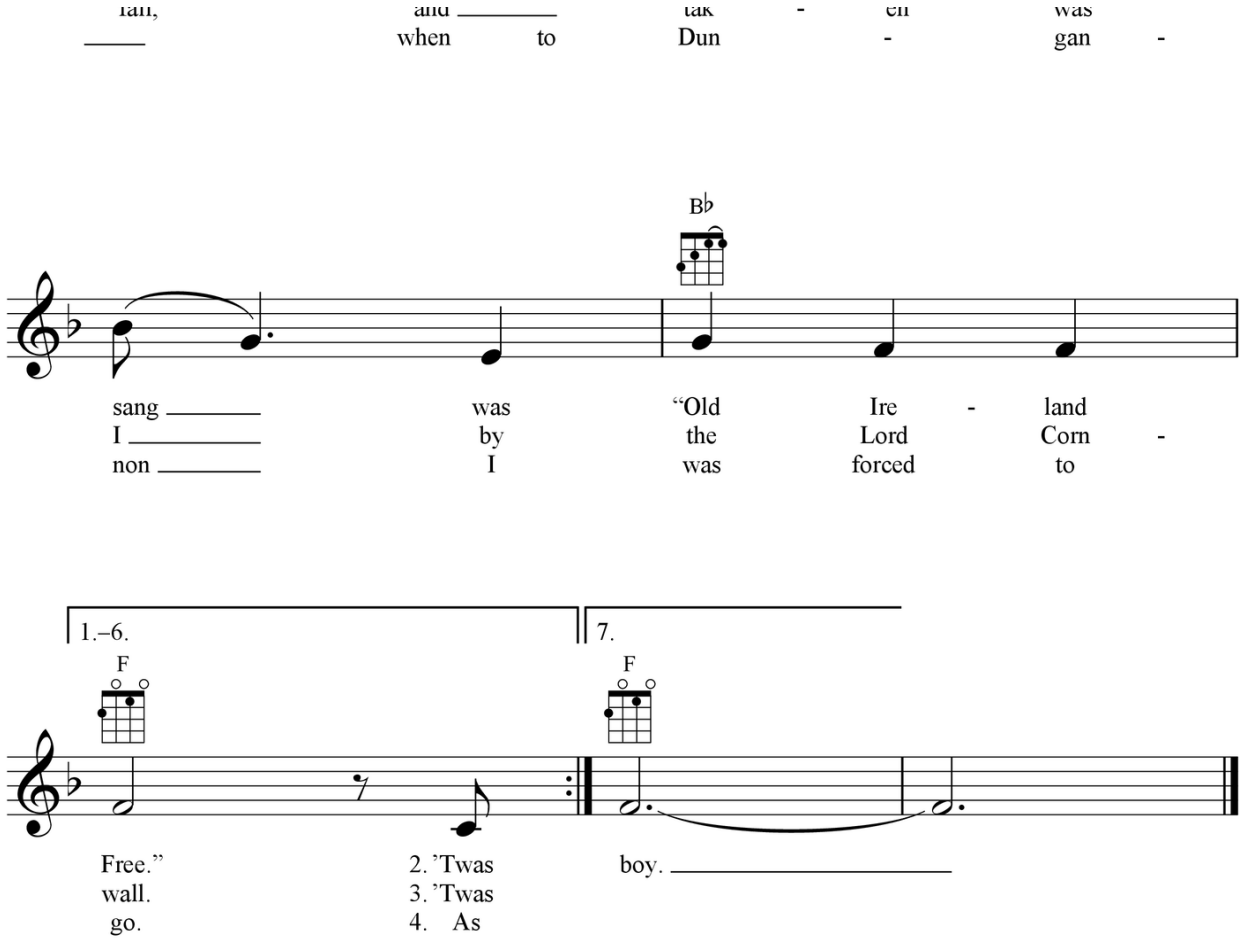




Additional Lyrics

4. As I was passing my father's door, my brother William stood at the door.
   My aged father stood there also, my tender mother her hair she tore.

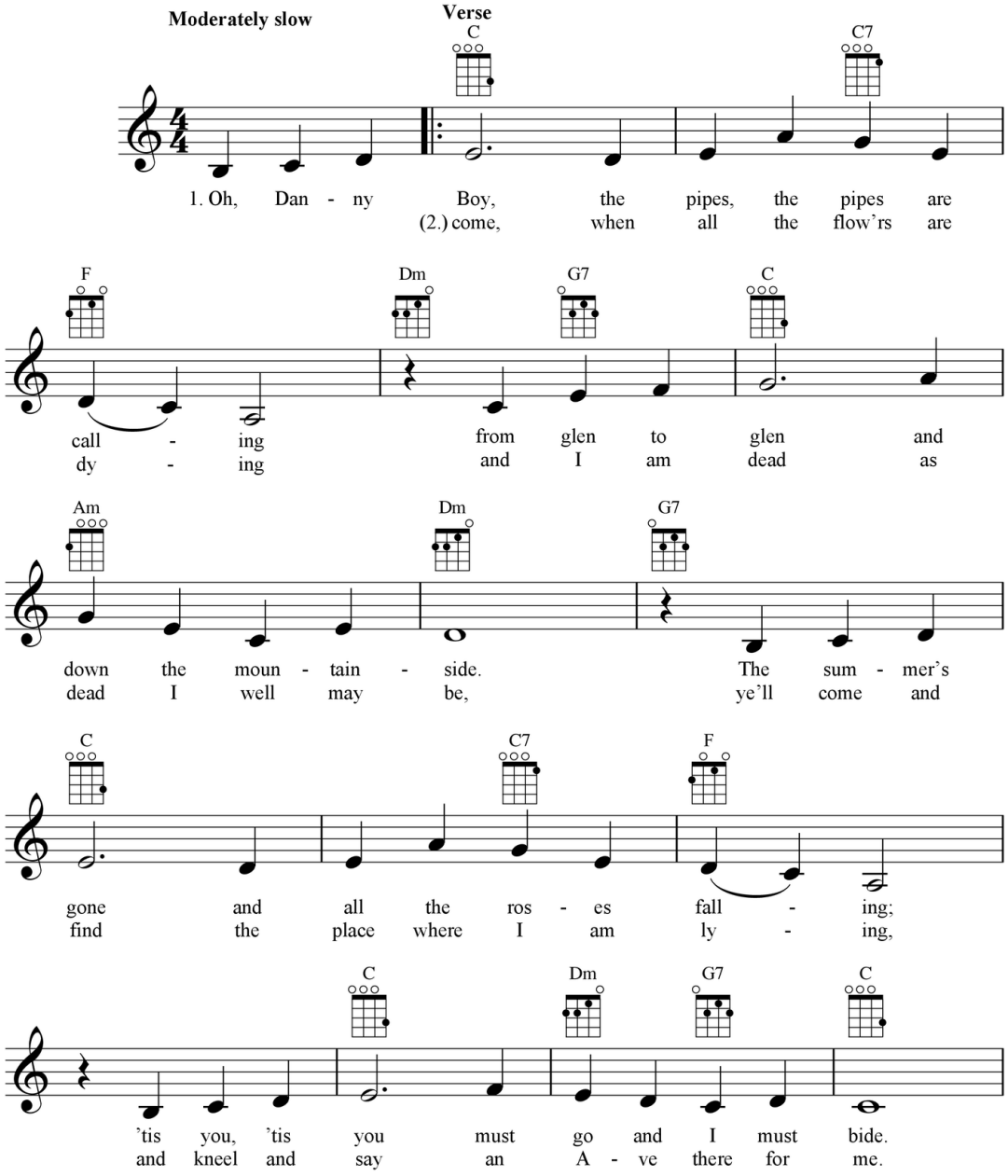
5. As I was going up Wexford Hill, who could blame me to cry my fill?
   I looked behind and I looked before, my aged mother I shall see no more.

6. As I was mounted on the scaffold high, my aged father was standing by.
   My aged father did me deny, and the name he gave me was the croppy boy.

7. 'Twas in the Dungannon this young man died, and in Dungannon his body lies.
   And you good people that do pass by, oh, shed a tear for the croppy boy.

Danny Boy

Words by Frederick Edward Weatherly

First note

Moderately slow
Verse
C
C7
1. Oh, Dan - ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are
(2.) come, when all the flow'rs are
F
Dm
G7
C
call - ing from glen to glen and
dy - ing and I am dead as
Am
Dm
G7
down the moun - tain - side. The sum - mer's
dead I well may be, ye'll come and
C
C7
F
gone and all the ros - es fall - ing;
find the place where I am ly - ing,
C
Dm
G7
C
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
and kneel and say an A - ve there for me.

Traditional Irish Folk Melody

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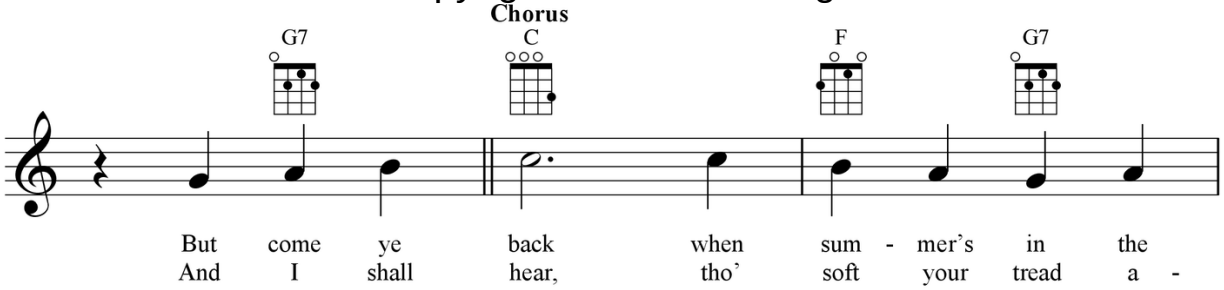
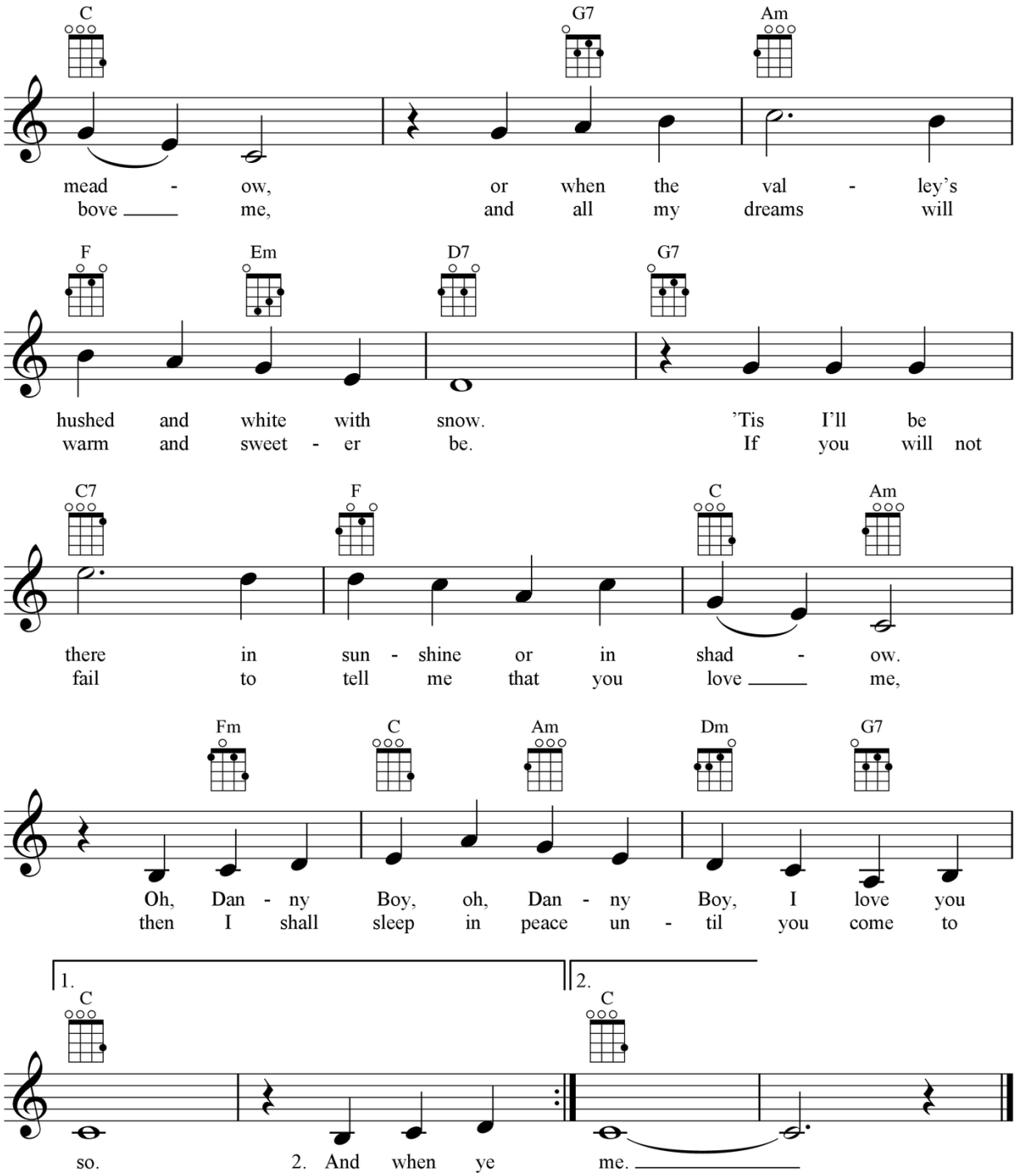


Down By The Salley Gardens

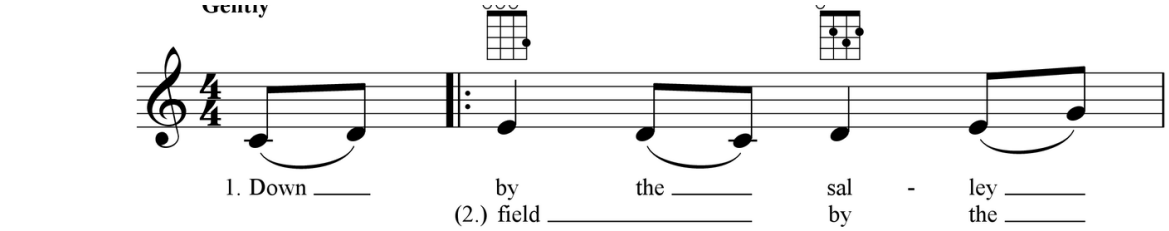
Traditional Irish Folk Song

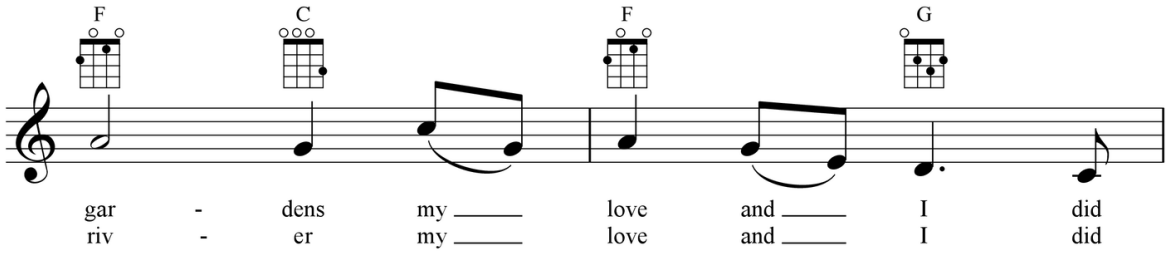
First note

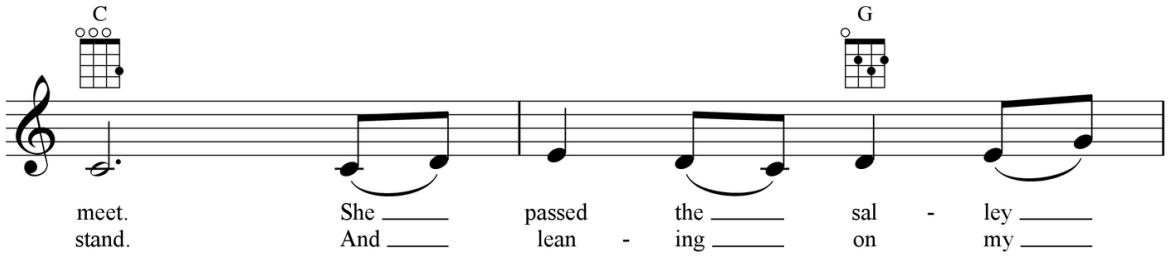
Verse

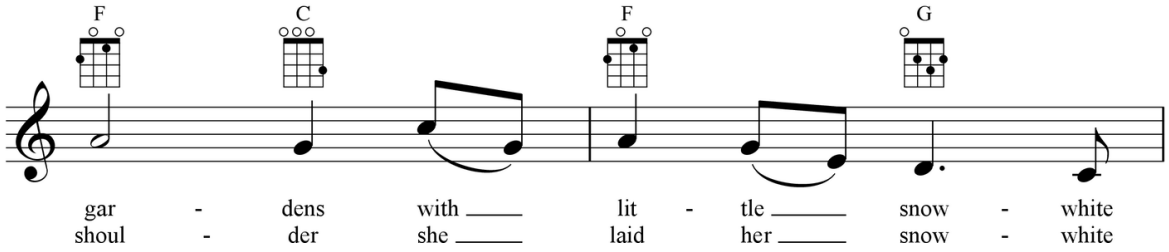
C G

Gently









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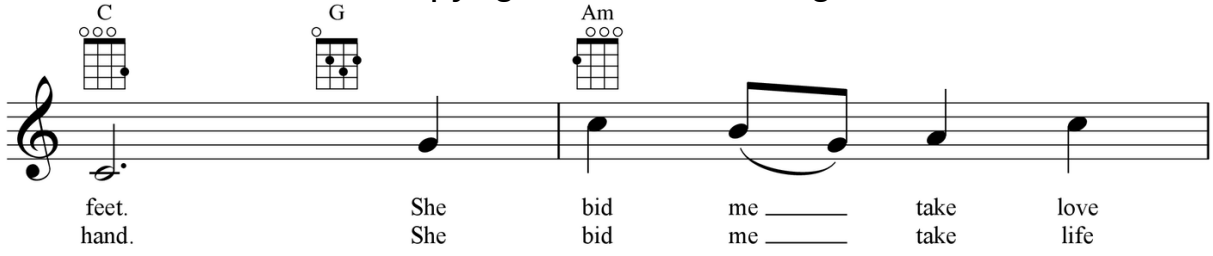
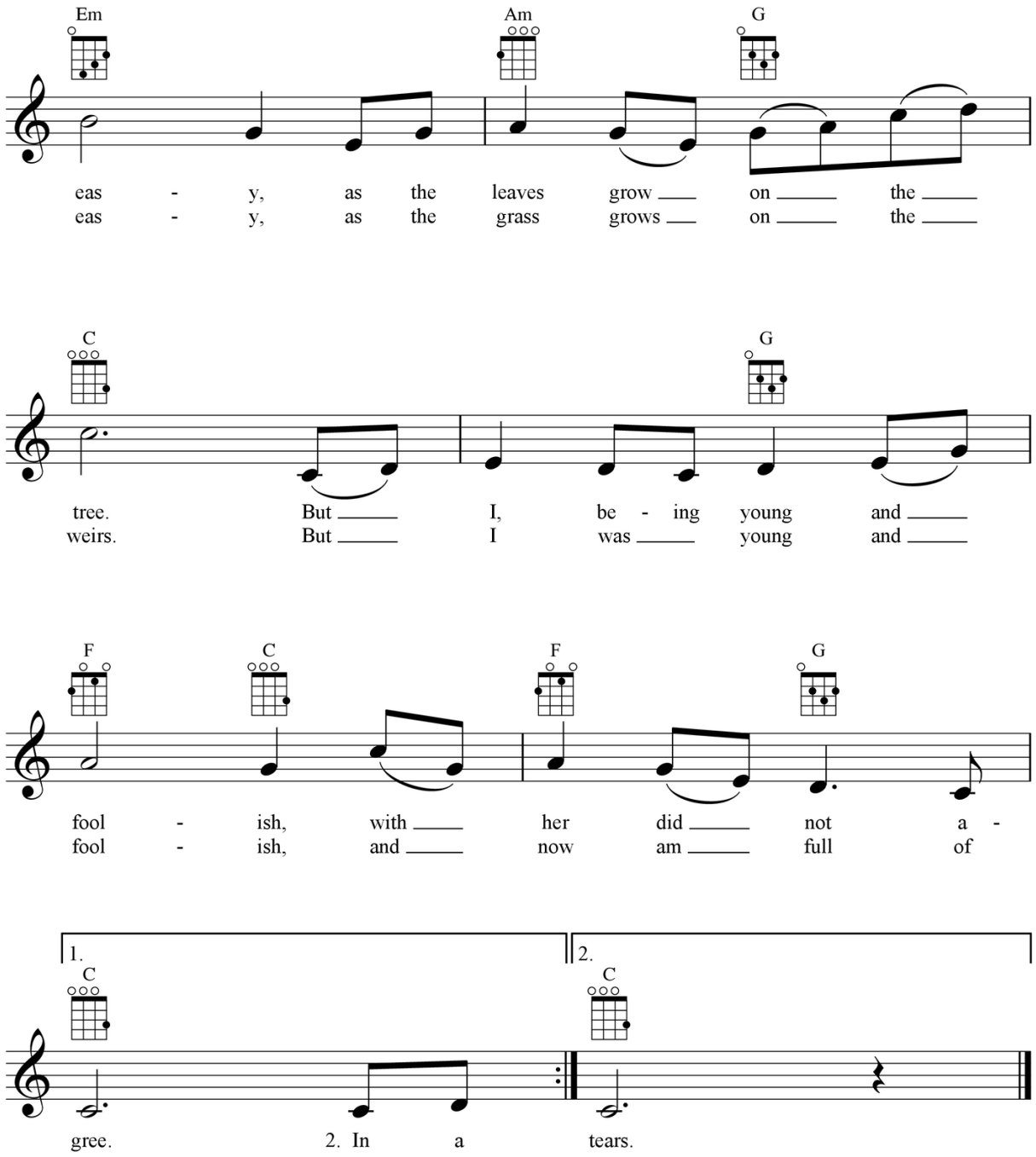


The Fields Of Athenry

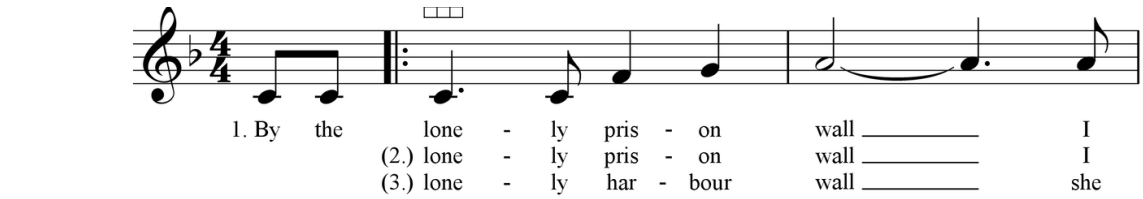
Words and Music by Pete St. John

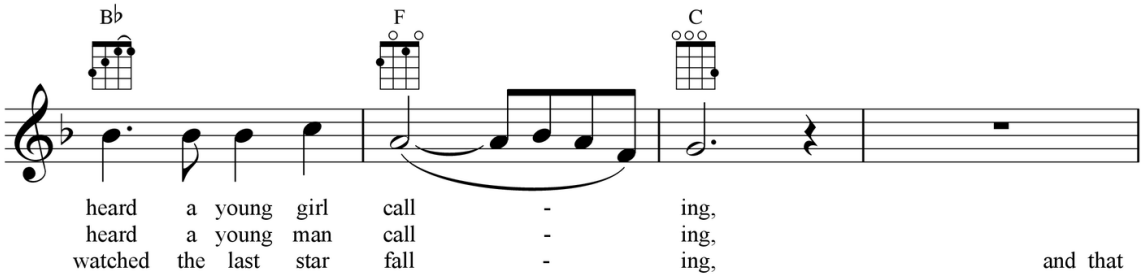
First note

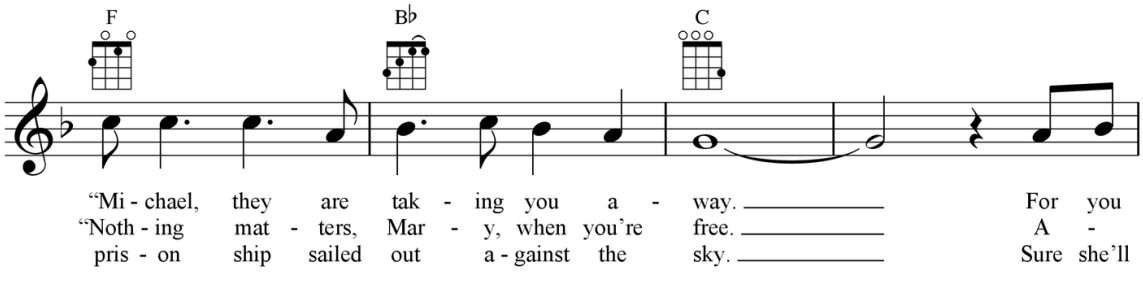
Flowing

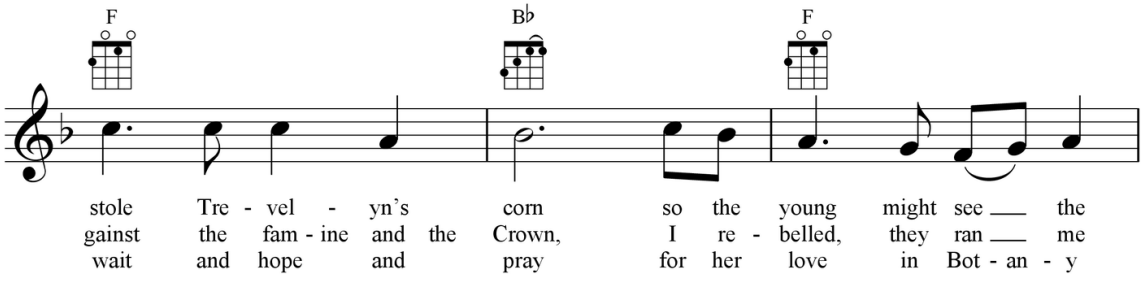
Verse

F






F B♭ C
"Mi - chael, they are tak - ing you a - way. For you
"Noth - ing mat - ters, Mar - y, when you're free. A -
pris - on ship sailed out a - gainst the sky. Sure she'll


F B♭ F
stole Tre - vel - yn's corn so the young might see the
gainst the fam - ine and the Crown, I re - belled, they ran me
wait and hope and pray for her love in Bot - an - y

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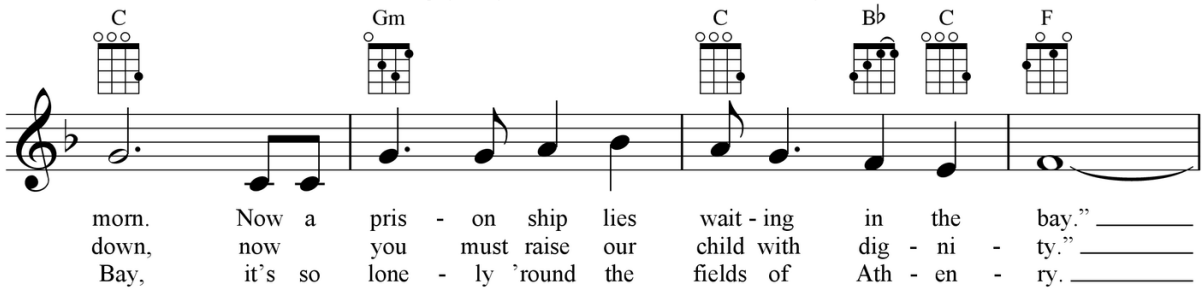
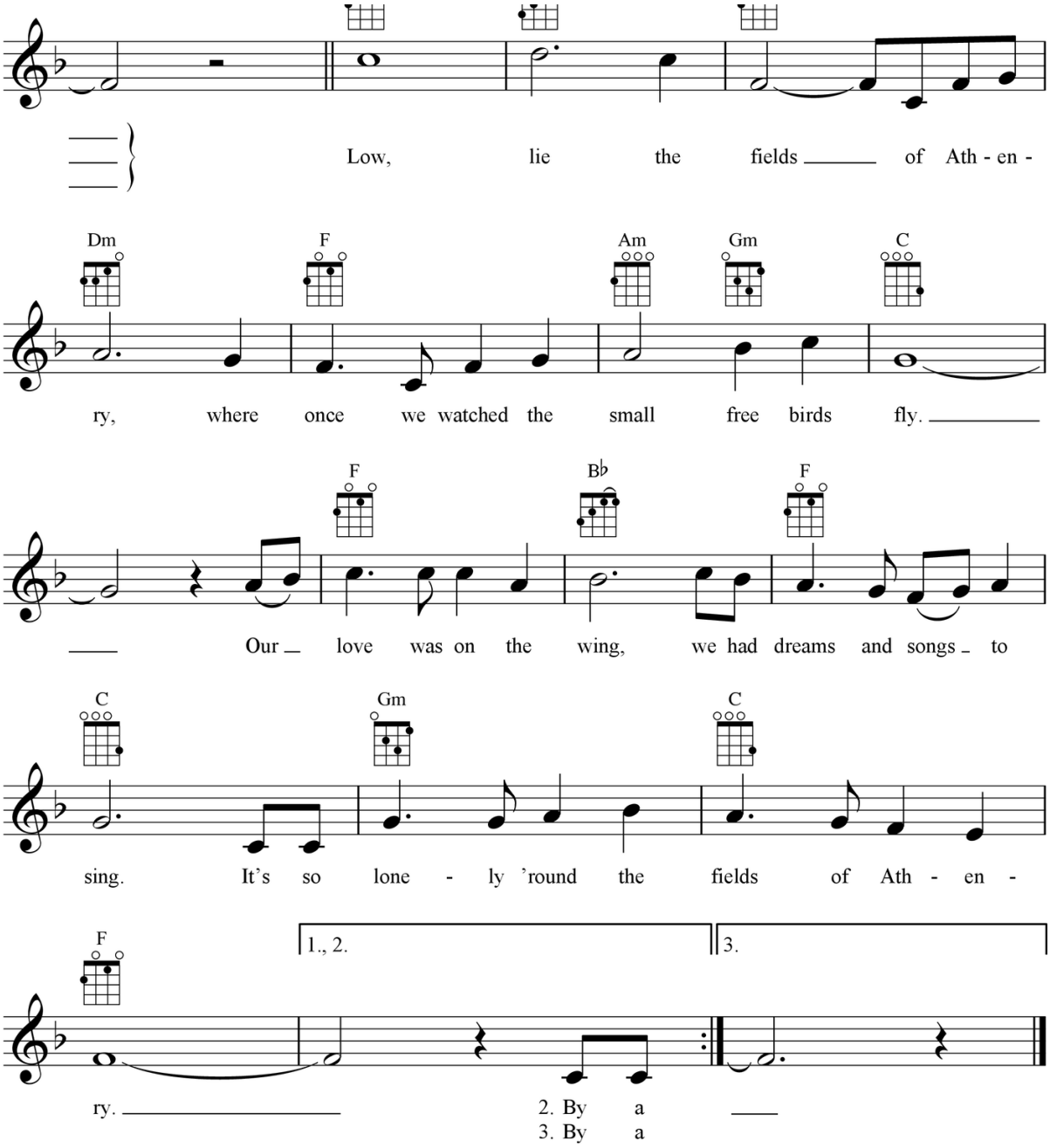
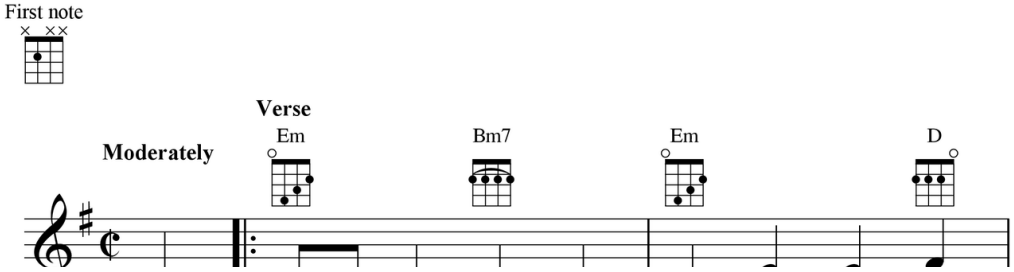
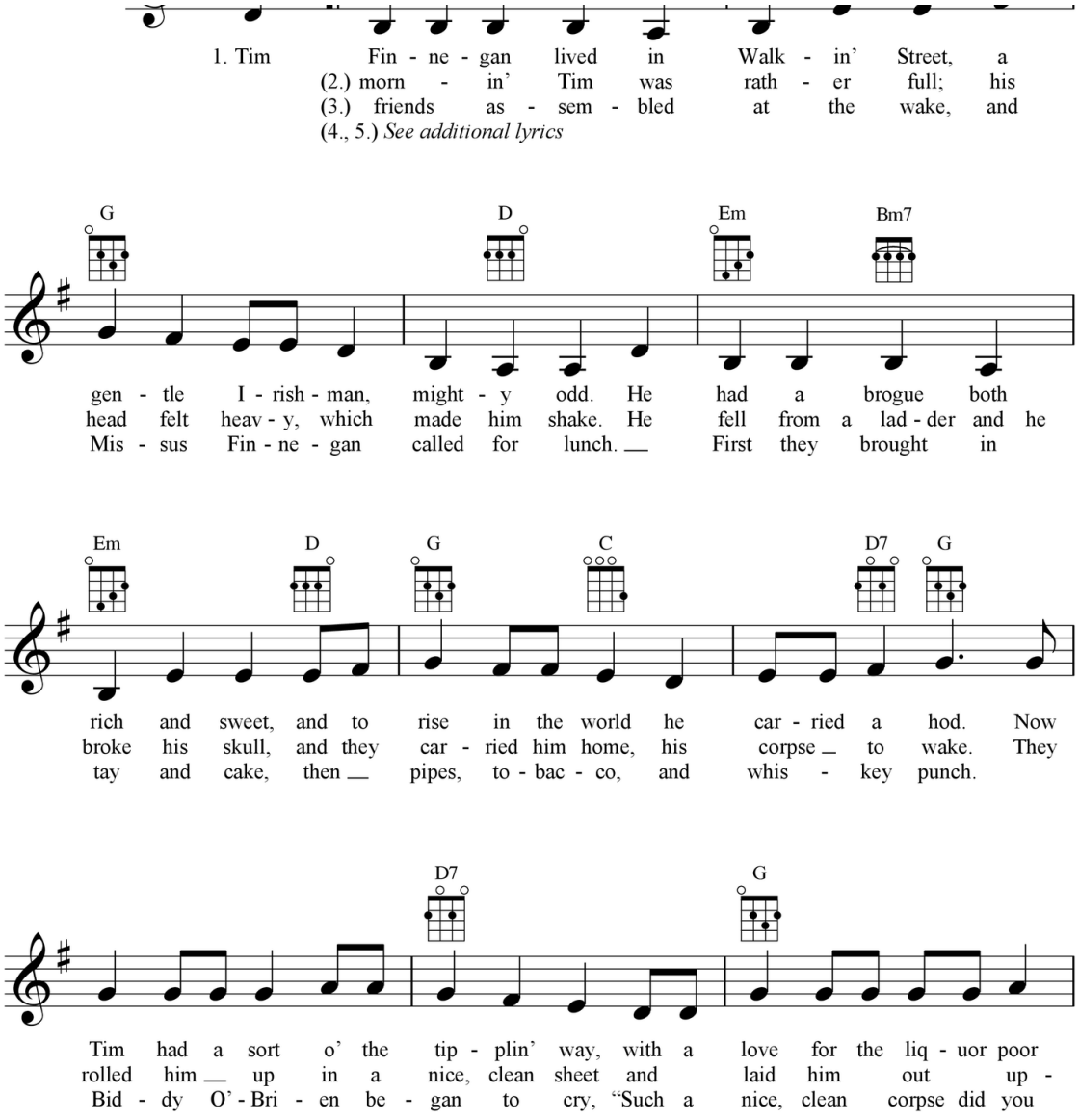

C Gm C B♭ C F
morn. Now a pris - on ship lies wait - ing in the bay."
down, now you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty."
Bay, it's so lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry.

Chorus

Low, lie the fields of Ath - en -
Dm F Am Gm C
ry, where once we watched the small free birds fly.
F B♭ F
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to
C Gm C
sing. It's so lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en -
F 1., 2. 3.
ry.
2. By a
3. By a

Finnegan's Wake

Traditional Irish Folk Song



1. Tim Fin - ne - gan lived in Walk - in' Street, a
(2.) morn - in' Tim was rath - er full; his
(3.) friends as - sem - bled at the wake, and
(4., 5.) See additional lyrics
G D Em Bm7
gen - tle I - rish - man, might - y odd. He had a brogue both
head felt heav - y, which made him shake. He fell from a lad - der and he
Mis - sus Fin - ne - gan called for lunch. First they brought in
Em D G C D7 G
rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he car - ried a hod. Now
broke his skull, and they car - ried him home, his corpse to wake. They
tay and cake, then pipes, to - bac - co, and whis - key punch.
D7 G
Tim had a sort o' the tip - plin' way, with a love for the liq - uor poor
rolled him up in a nice, clean sheet and laid him out up -
Bid - dy O' - Bri - en be - gan to cry, "Such a nice, clean corpse did you

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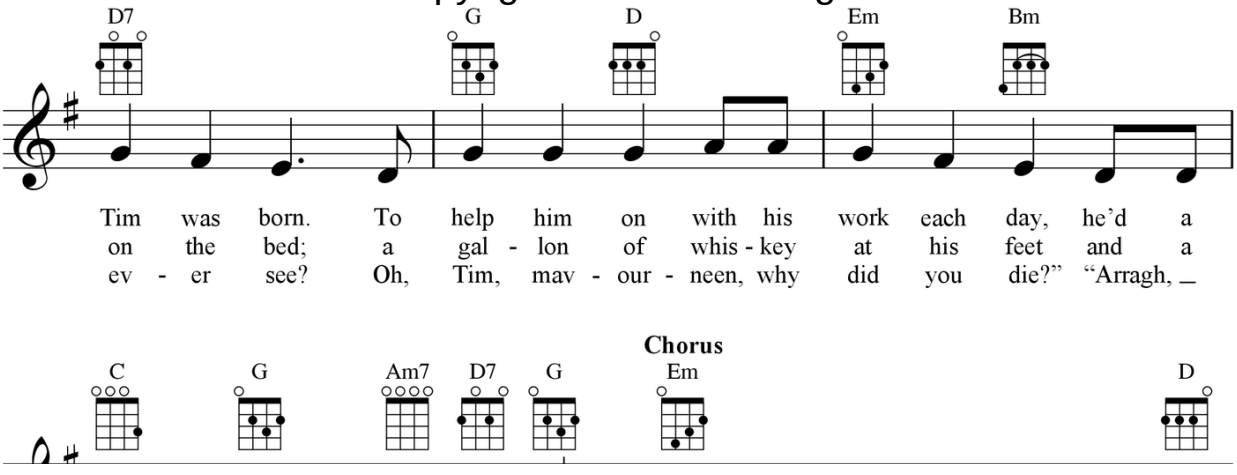
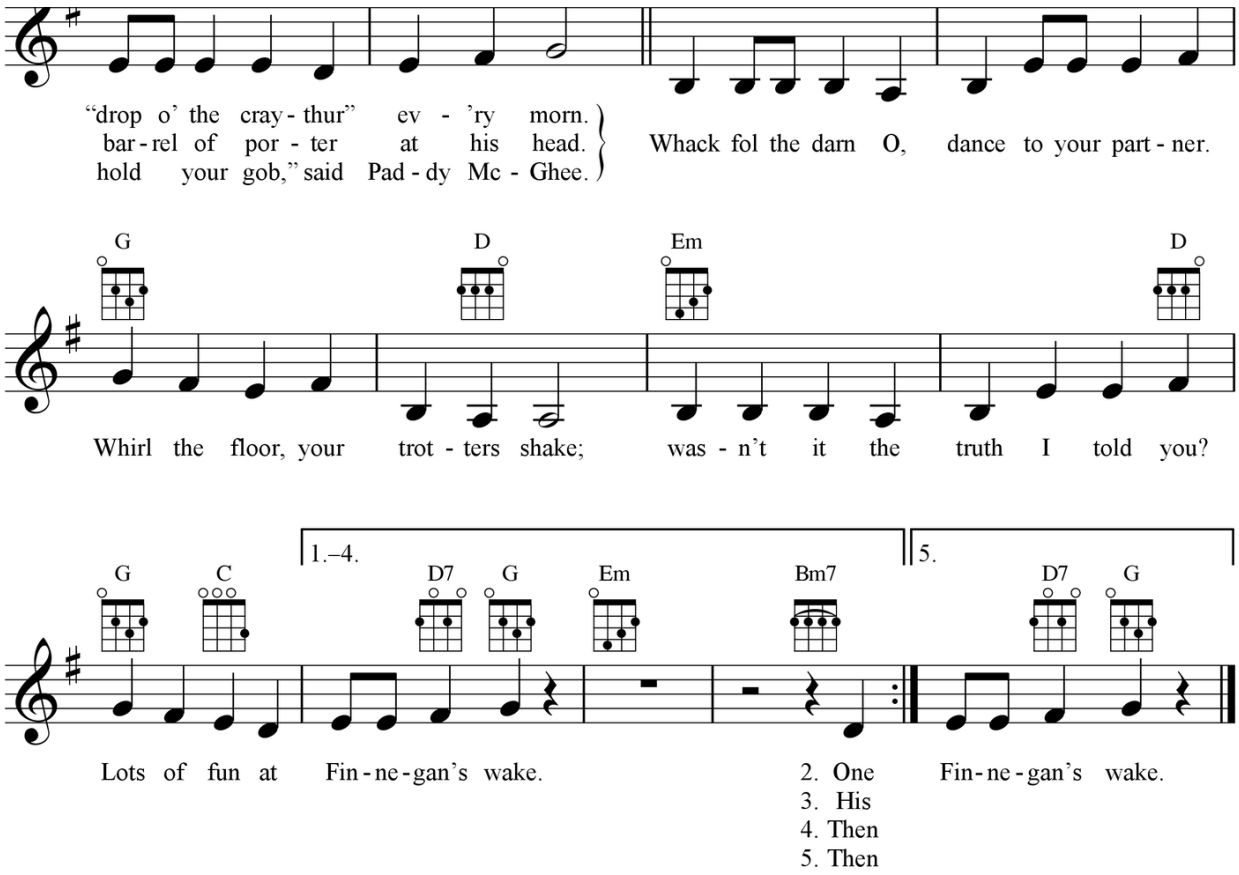

D7 G D Em Bm
Tim was born. To help him on with his work each day, he'd a
on the bed; a gal - lon of whis - key at his feet and a
ev - er see? Oh, Tim, mav - our - neen, why did you die?" "Arragh,
Chorus
C G Am7 D7 G Em D

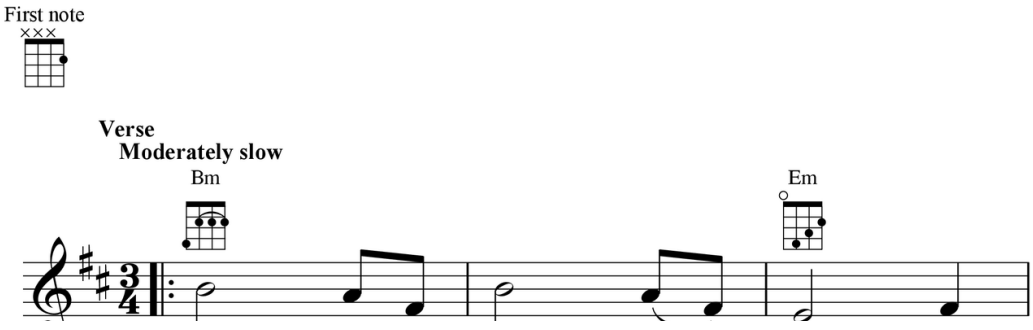

"drop o' the cray - thur" ev - 'ry morn.
bar - rel of por - ter at his head.
hold your gob," said Pad - dy Mc - Ghee.
Whack fol the darn O, dance to your part - ner.
G
D
Em
D
Whirl the floor, your trot - ters shake; was - n't it the truth I told you?
1.–4.
5.
G
C
D7
G
Em
Bm7
D7
G
Lots of fun at Fin - ne - gan's wake.
2. One Fin - ne - gan's wake.
3. His
4. Then
5. Then

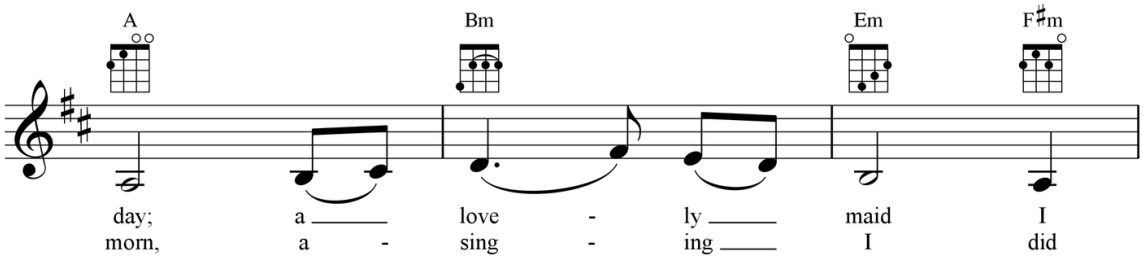
Additional Lyrics

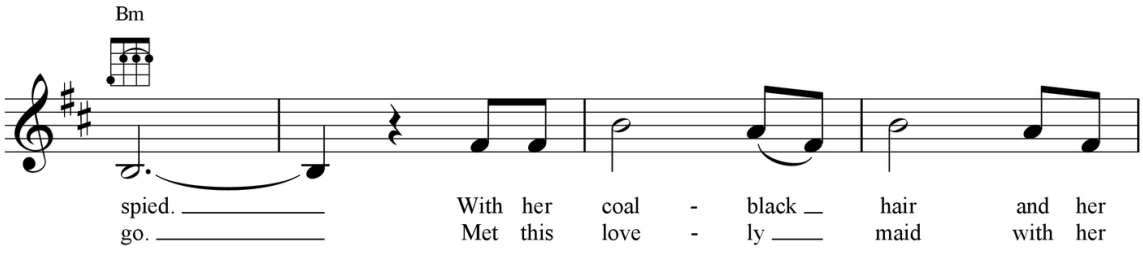
4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
"Oh, Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure."
Biddy, she gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
And then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman and man to man.
Shillelaigh law was all the rage,
And a row and ruction soon began.

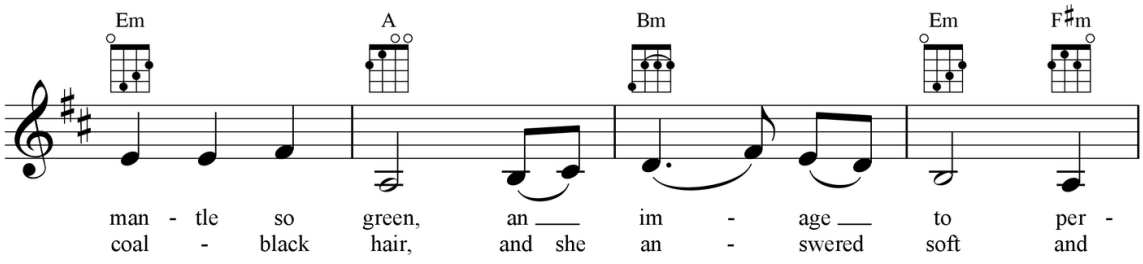
5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him.
It missed, and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim!
The corpse revives; see how he rises!
Timothy, rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?"

The Foggy Dew

Traditional Irish Folk Song

1. O - ver the hills I ____ went one
2. O - ver the hills I ____ went one







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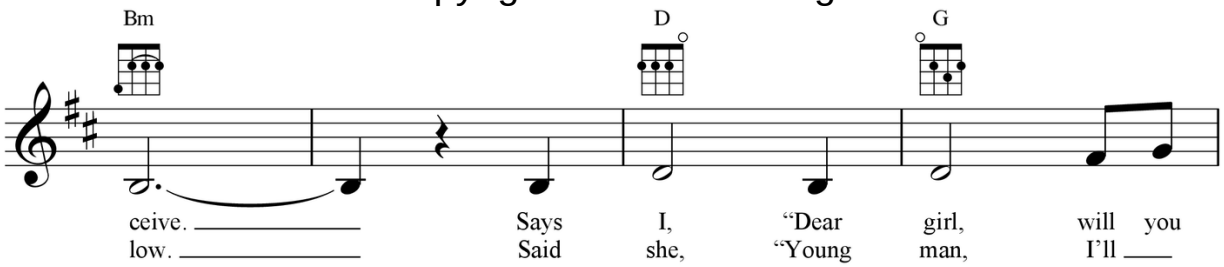
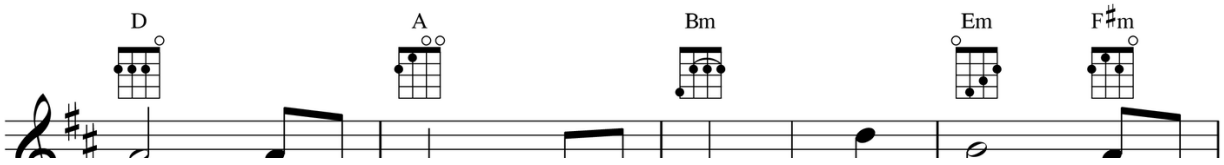
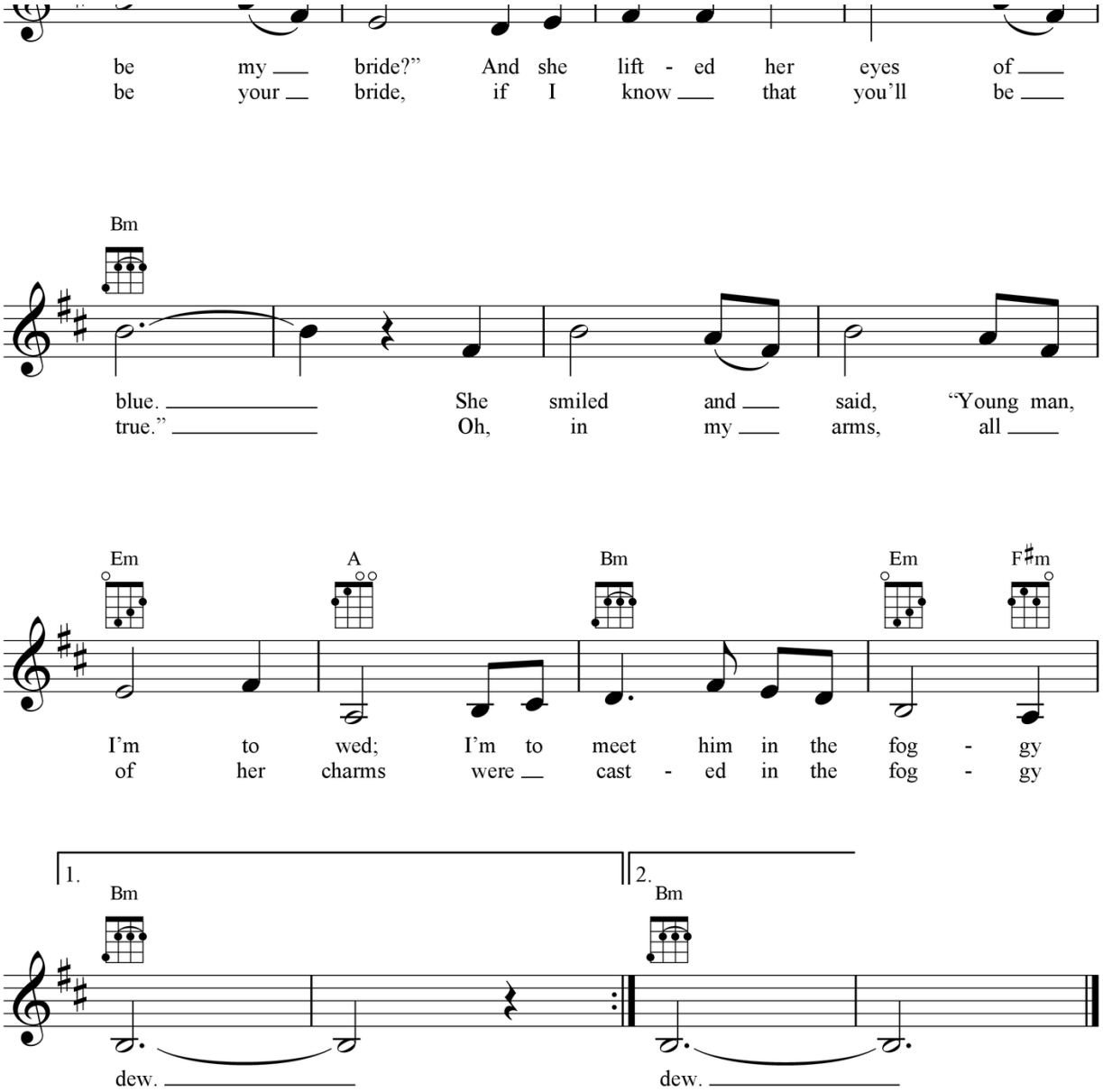
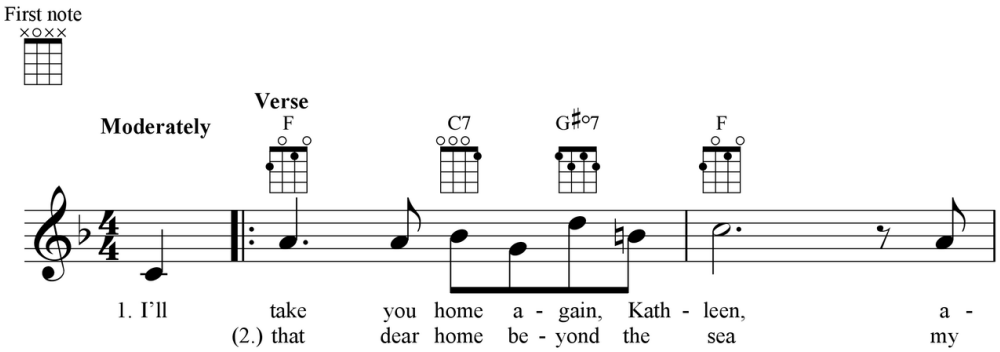
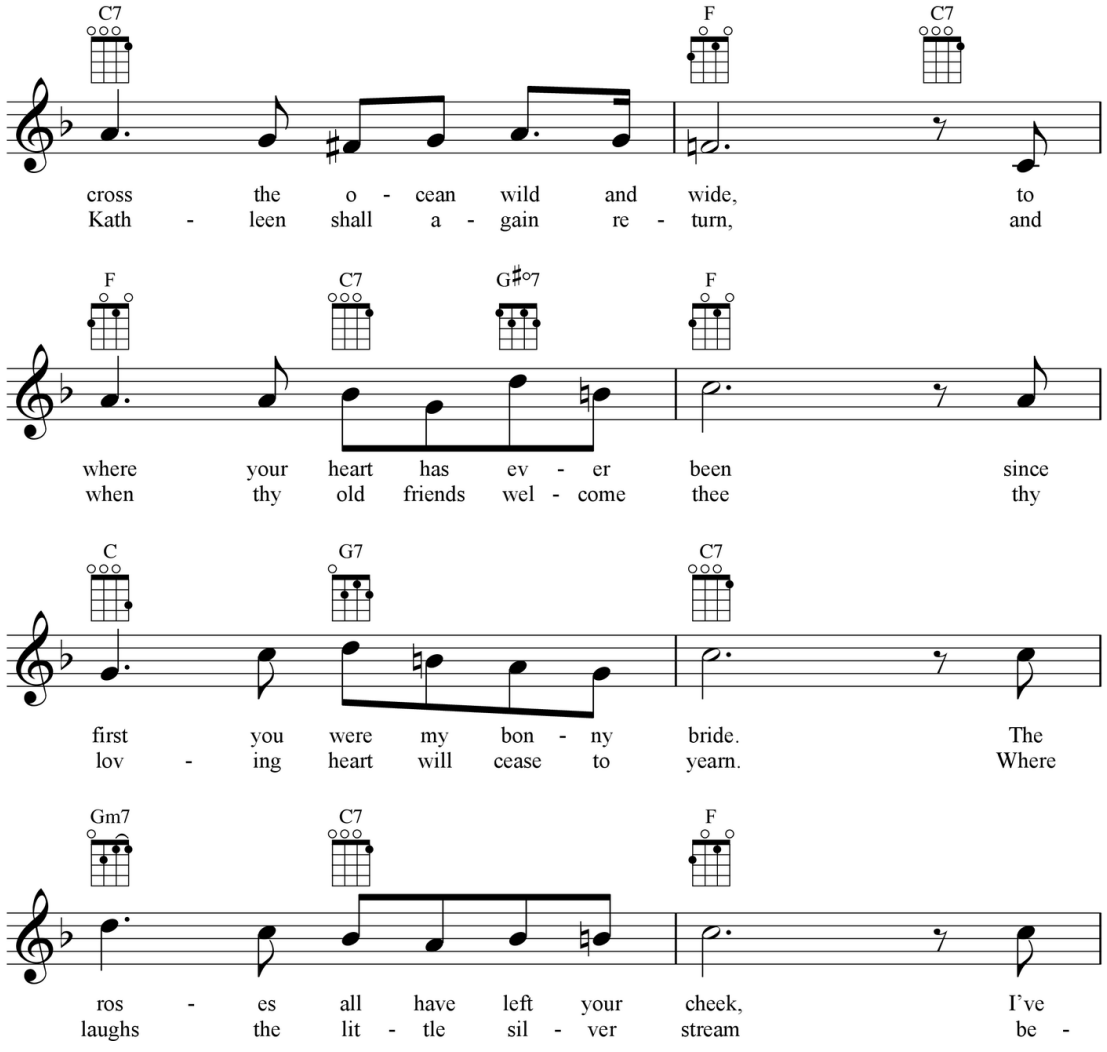




be my bride?" And she lift - ed her eyes of
be your bride, if I know that you'll be
Bm
blue. She smiled and said, "Young man,
true." Oh, in my arms, all
Em A Bm Em F♯m
I'm to wed; I'm to meet him in the fog - gy
of her charms were cast - ed in the fog - gy
1. 2.
Bm Bm
dew. dew.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

Words and Music by Thomas Westendorf



C7 F C7
cross the o - cean wild and wide, to
Kath - leen shall a - gain re - turn, and
F C7 G♯°7 F
where your heart has ev - er been since
when thy old friends wel - come thee thy
C G7 C7
first you were my bon - ny bride. The
lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where
Gm7 C7 F
ros - es all have left your cheek, I've
laughs the lit - tle sil - ver stream be -

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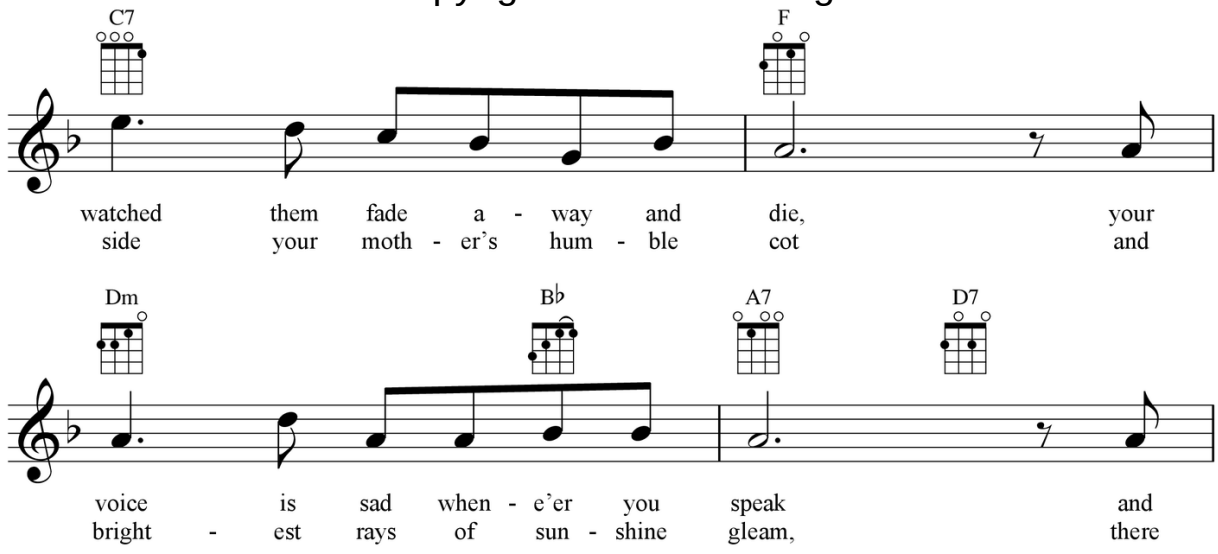
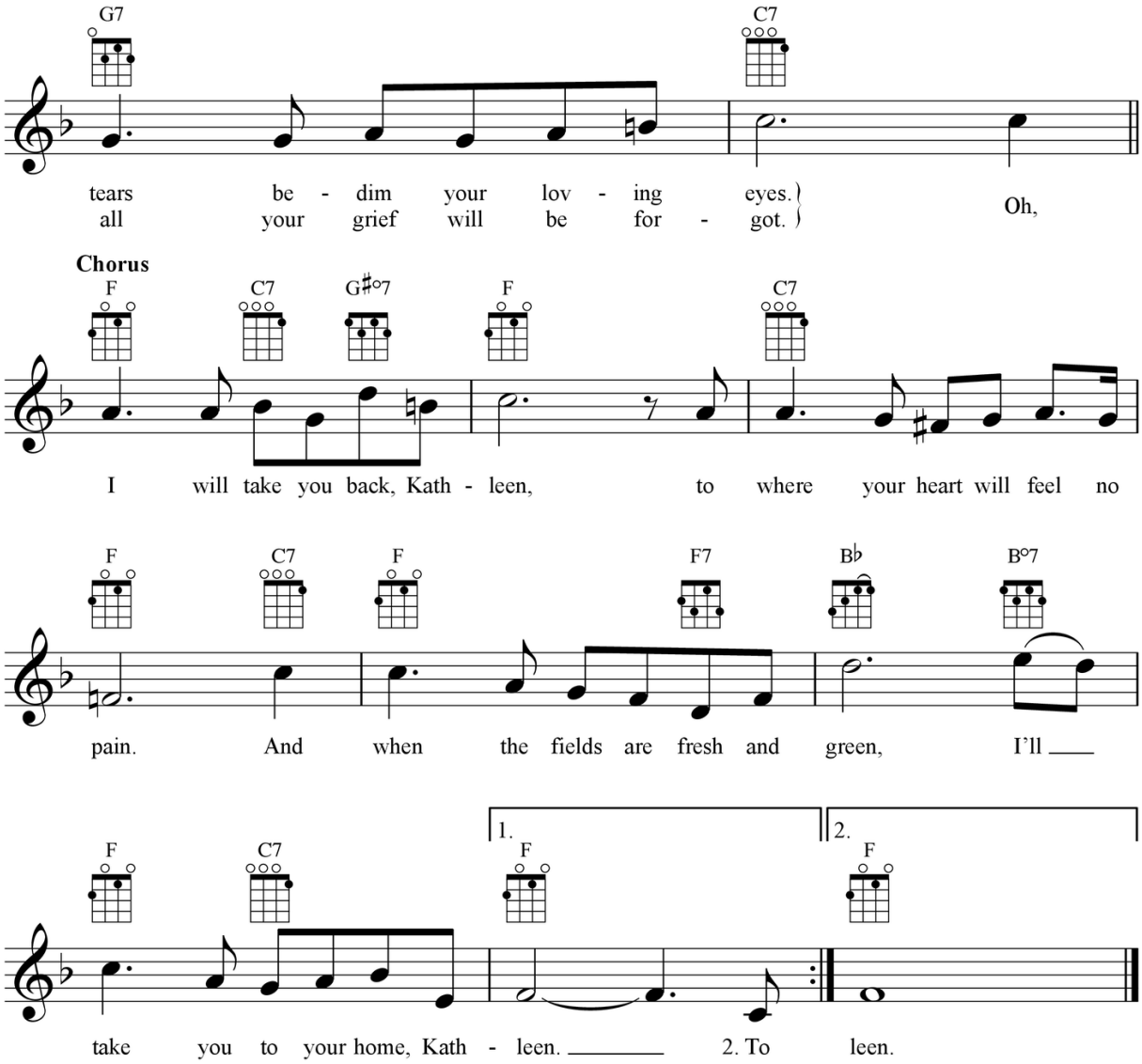
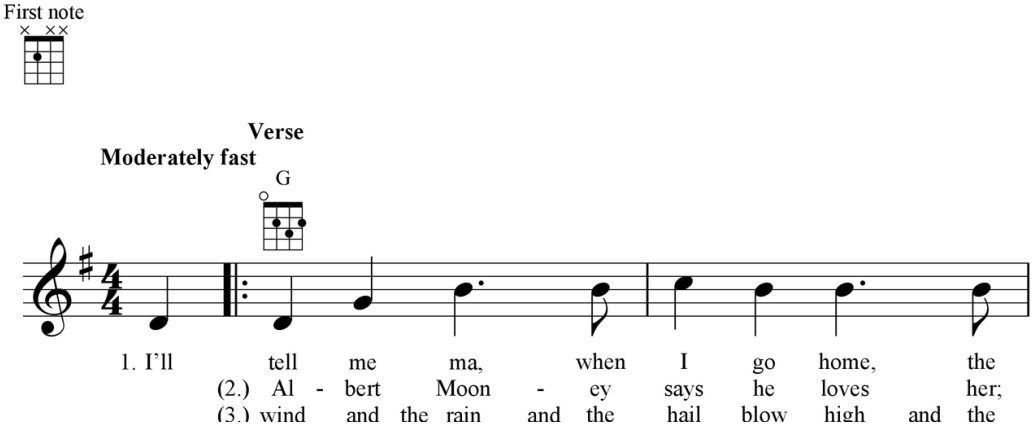
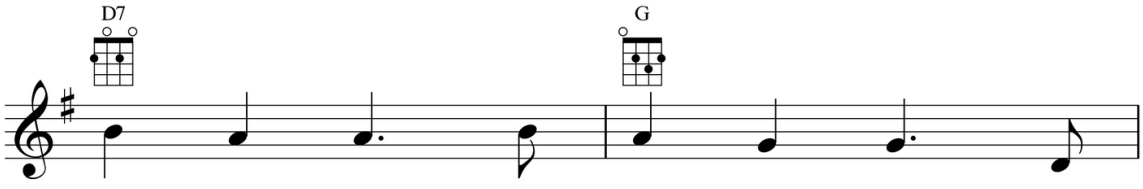
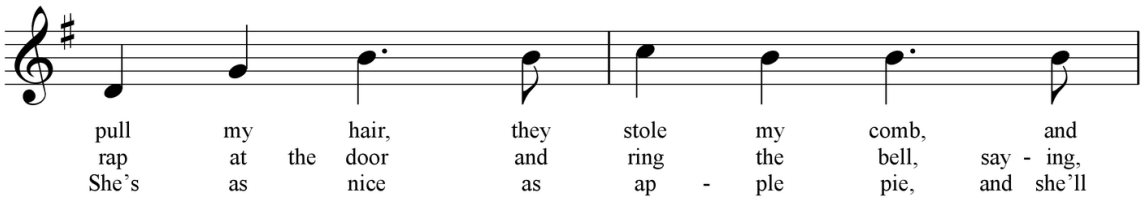
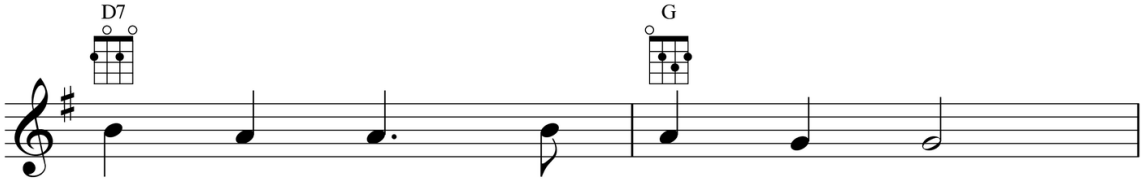

C7 F
watched them fade a - way and die, your
side your moth - er's hum - ble cot and
Dm B♭ A7 D7
voice is sad when - e'er you speak and
bright - est rays of sun - shine gleam, there

I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional Irish Folk Song


First note
Verse
Moderately fast
G
1. I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the
(2.) Al - bert Moon - ey says he loves her;
(3.) wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the







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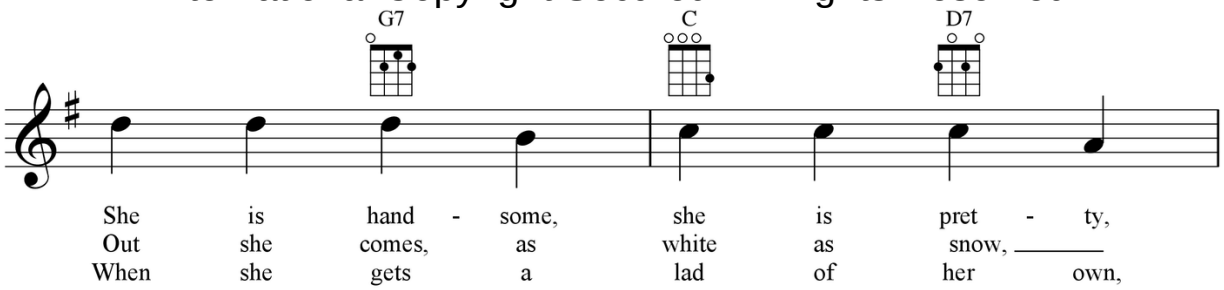
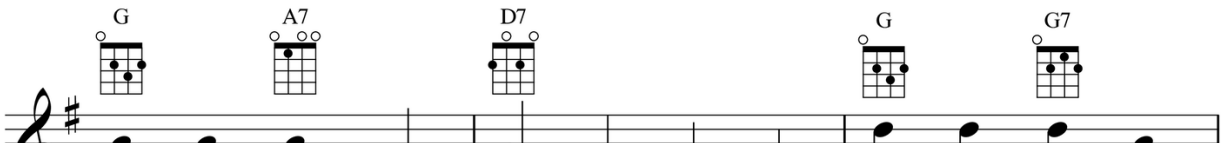
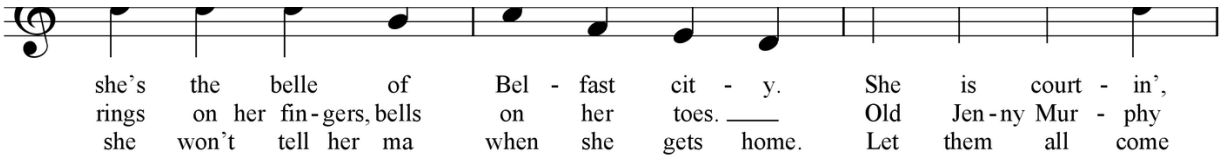
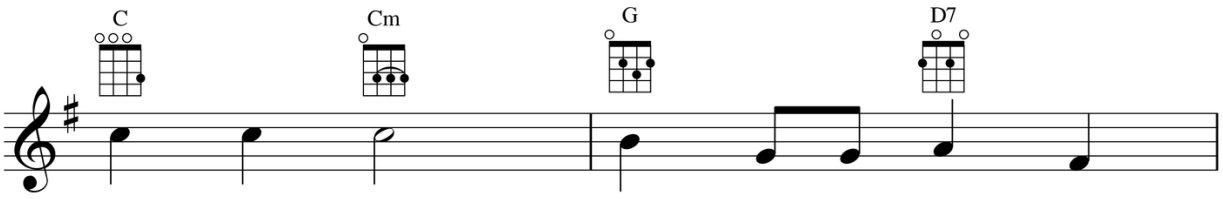
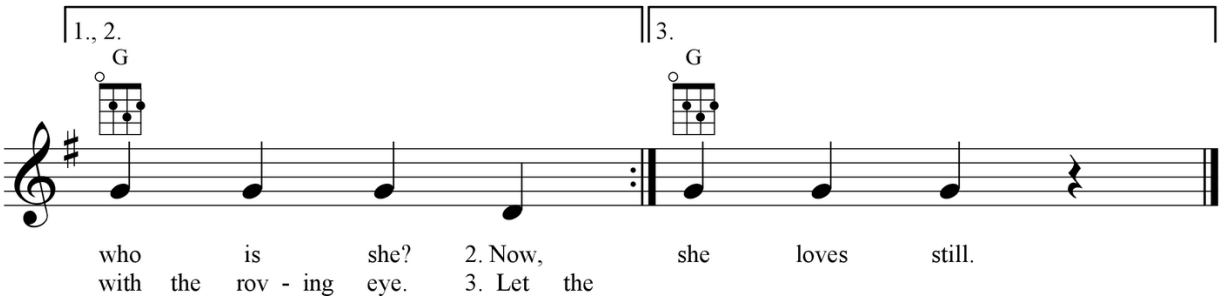




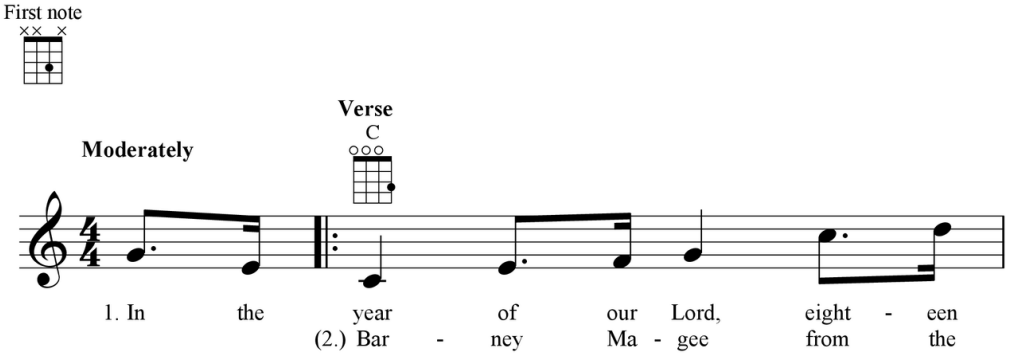

she's the belle of Bel - fast cit - y. She is court - in',
rings on her fin - gers, bells on her toes. ___ Old Jen - ny Mur - phy
she won't tell her ma when she gets home. Let them all come

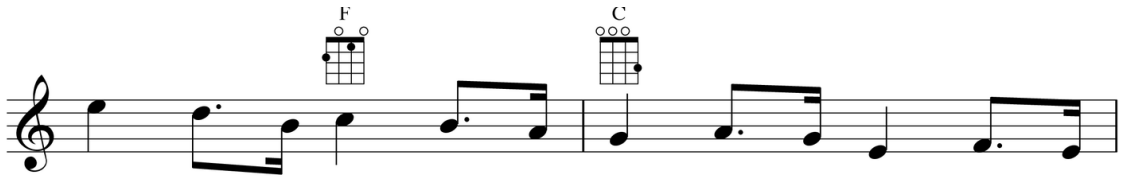


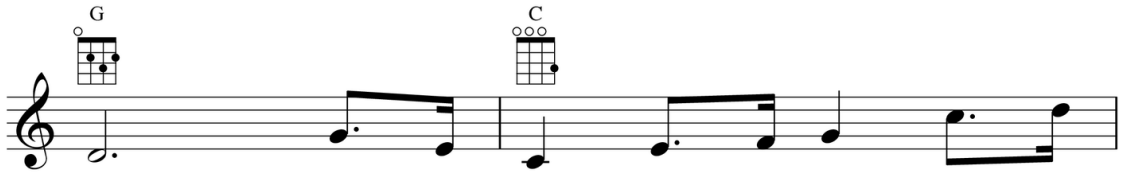


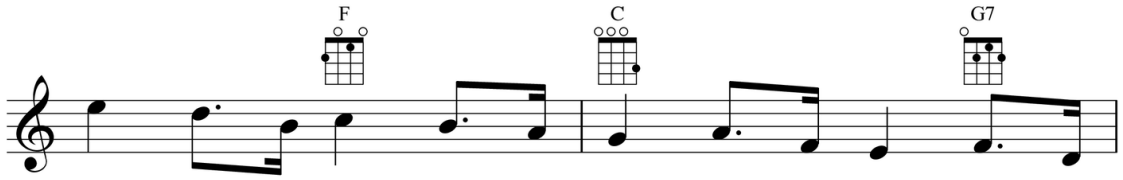
The Irish Rover

Traditional Irish Folk Song









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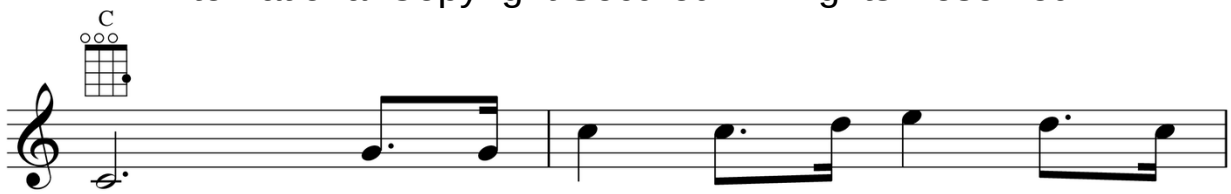
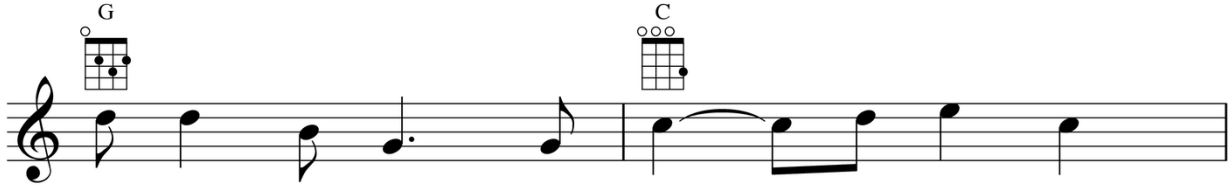
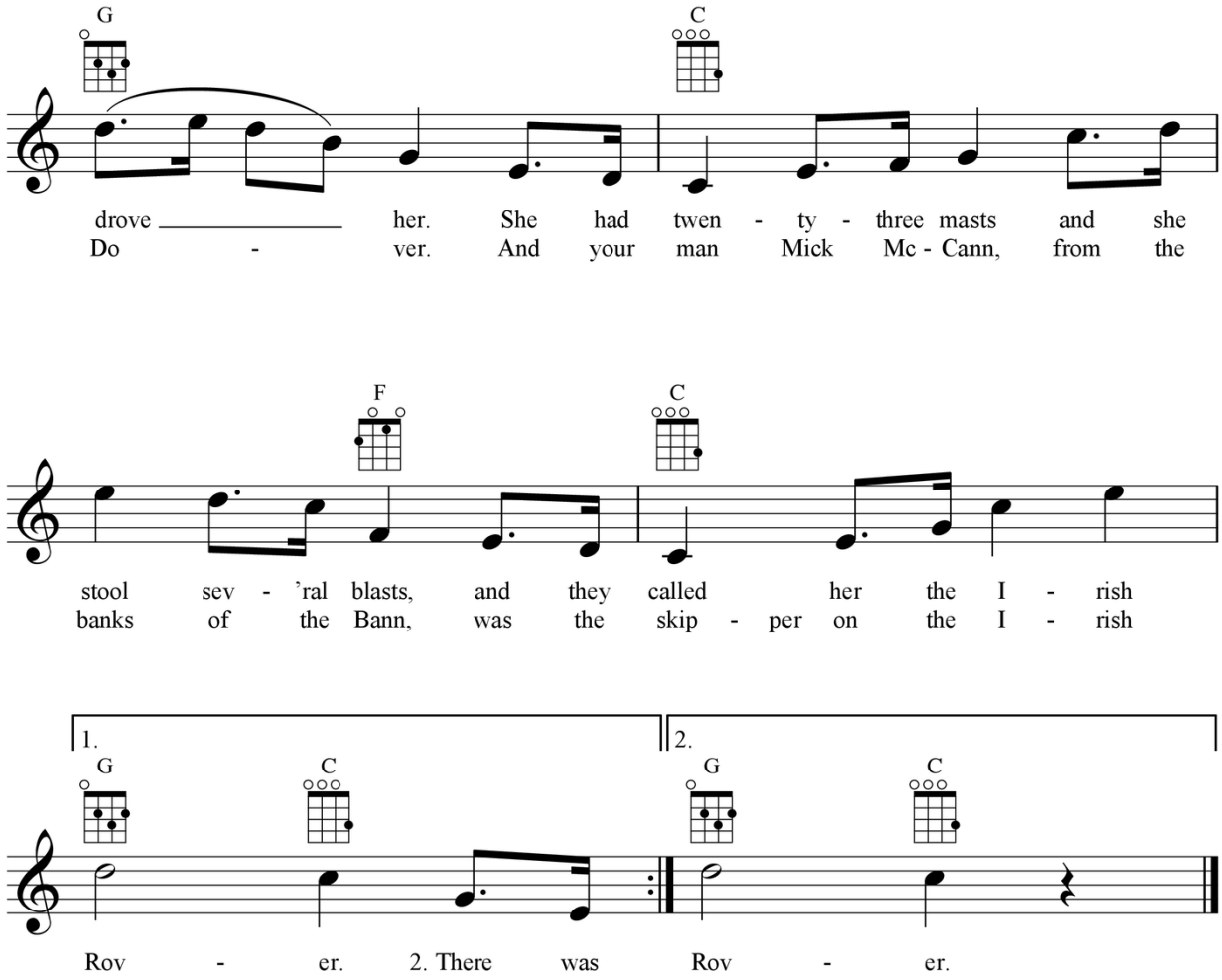
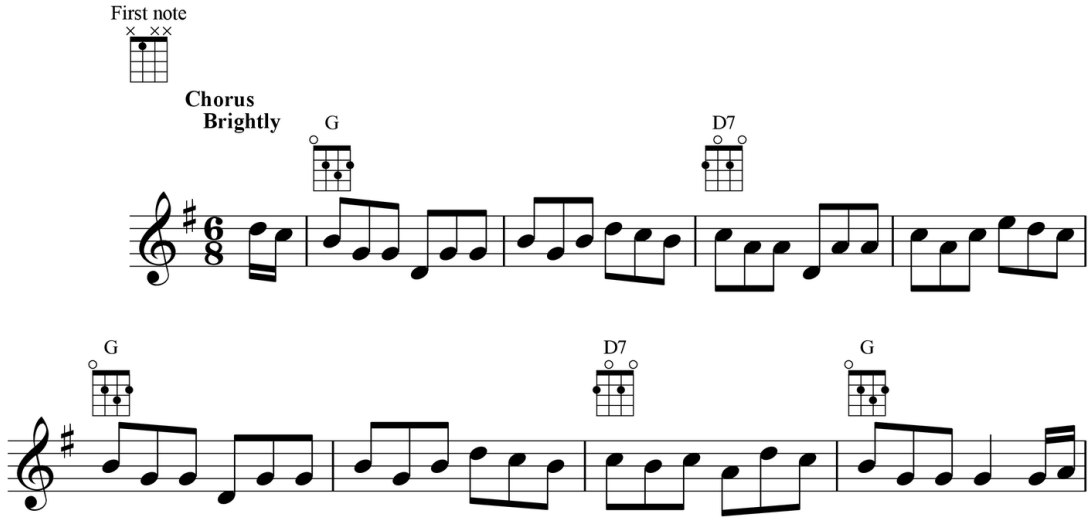
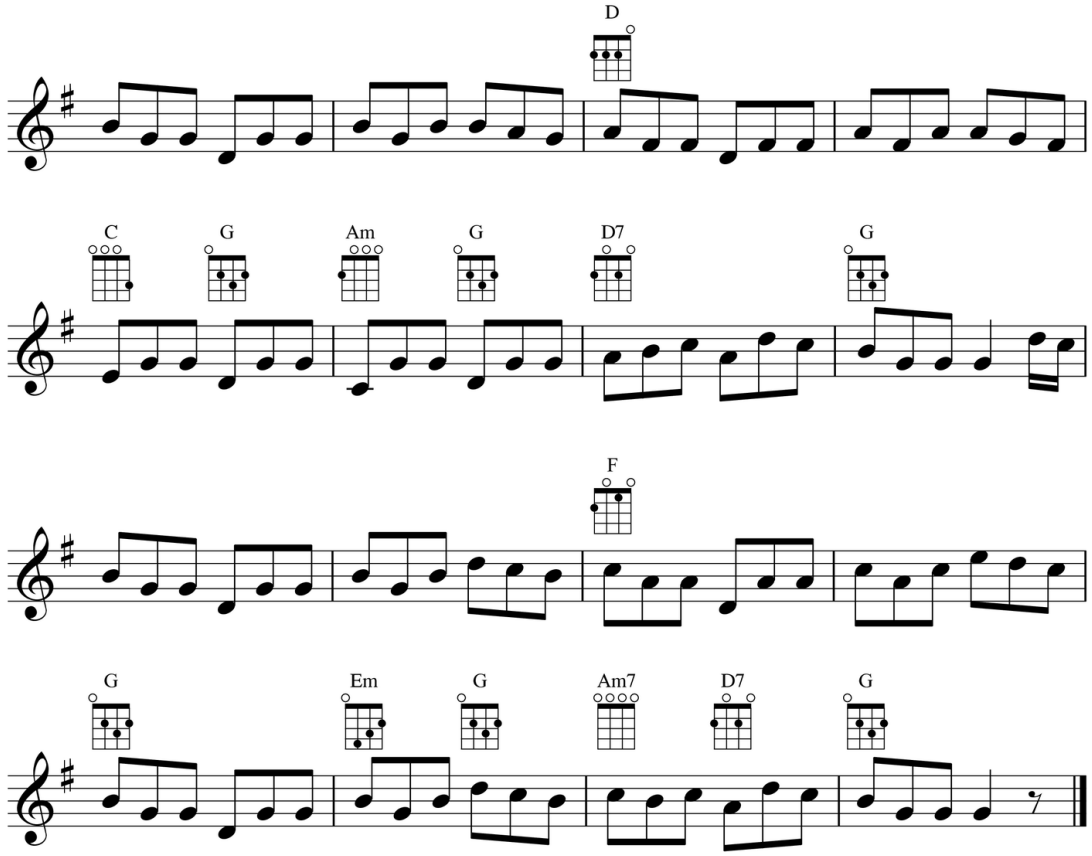




G
C
drove her. She had twen - ty - three masts and she
Do - ver. And your man Mick Mc - Cann, from the
F
C
stool sev - 'ral blasts, and they called her the I - rish
banks of the Bann, was the skip - per on the I - rish
1.
2.
G
C
G
C
Rov - er. 2. There was Rov - er.

The Irish Washerwoman

Irish Folksong



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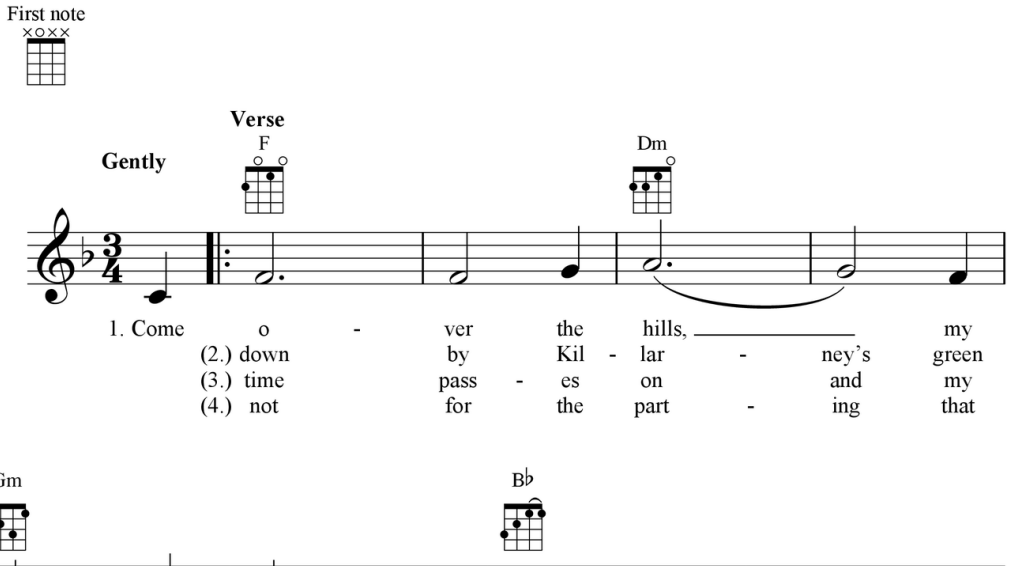
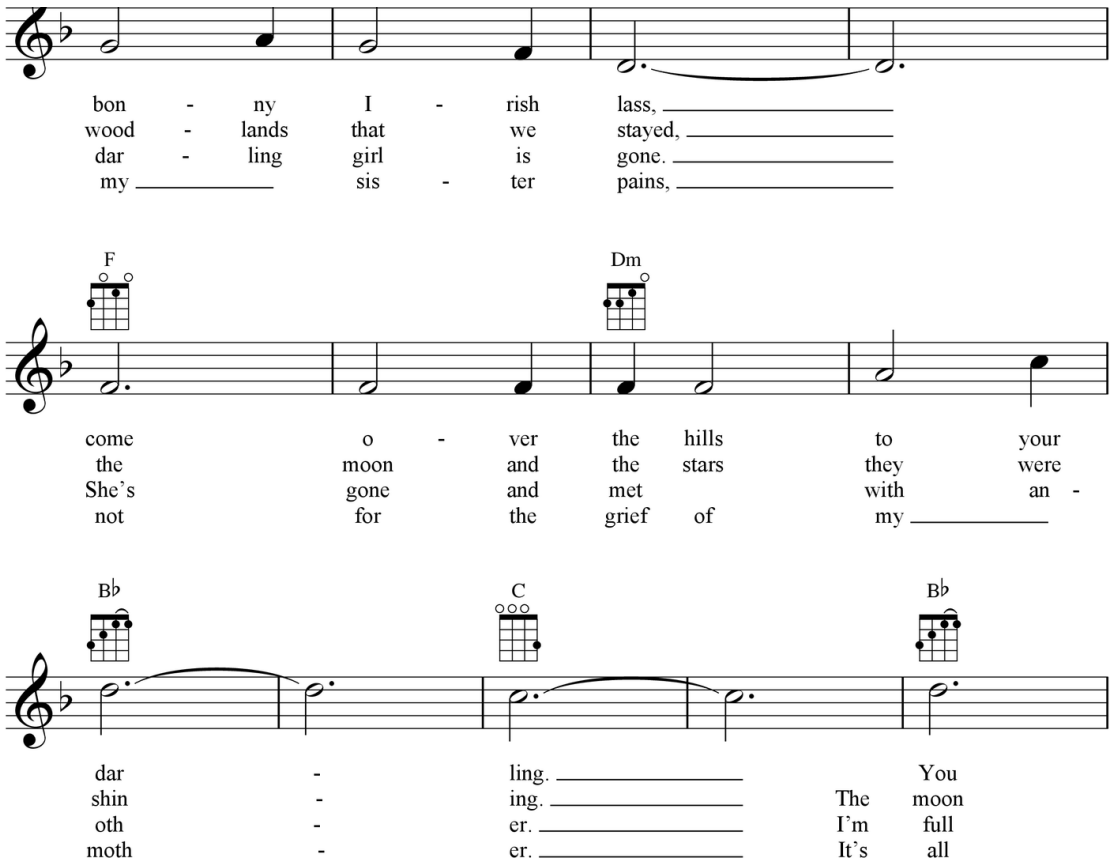
Red Is The Rose

Irish Folk Song



bon - ny I - rish lass,
wood - lands that we stayed,
dar - ling girl is gone.
my sis - ter pains,
F
Dm
come o - ver the hills to your
the moon and the stars they were
She's gone and met with an -
not for the grief of my
B♭
C
B♭
dar - ling. You
shin - ing. The moon
oth - er. I'm full
moth - er. It's all

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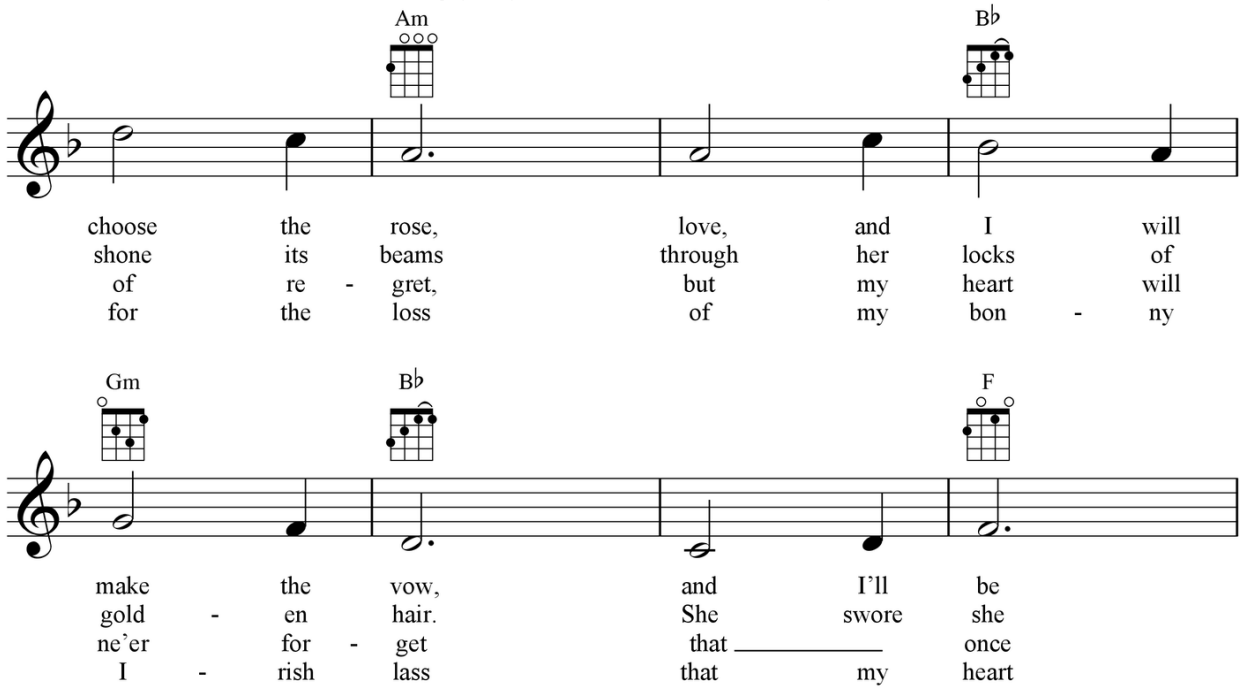
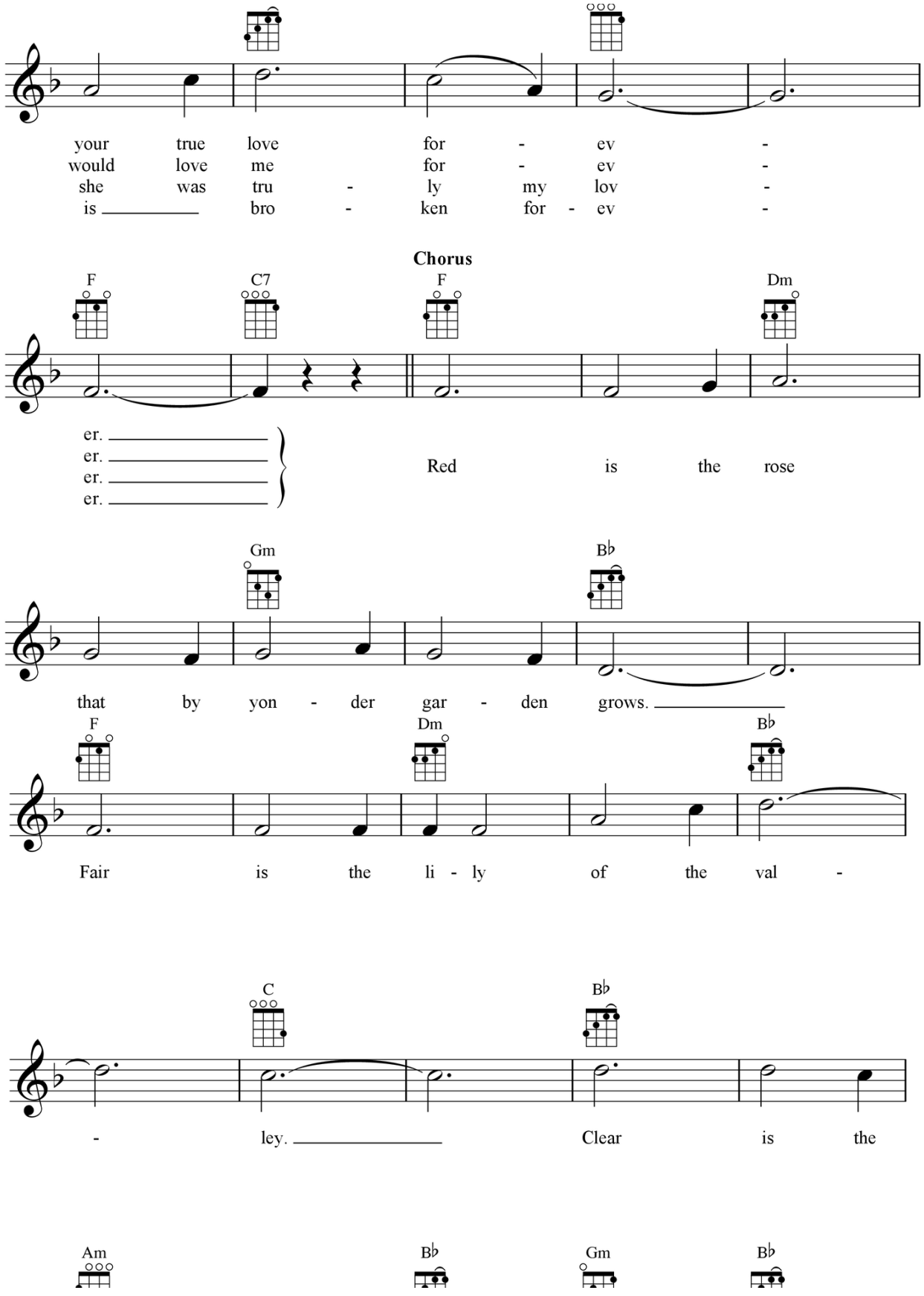
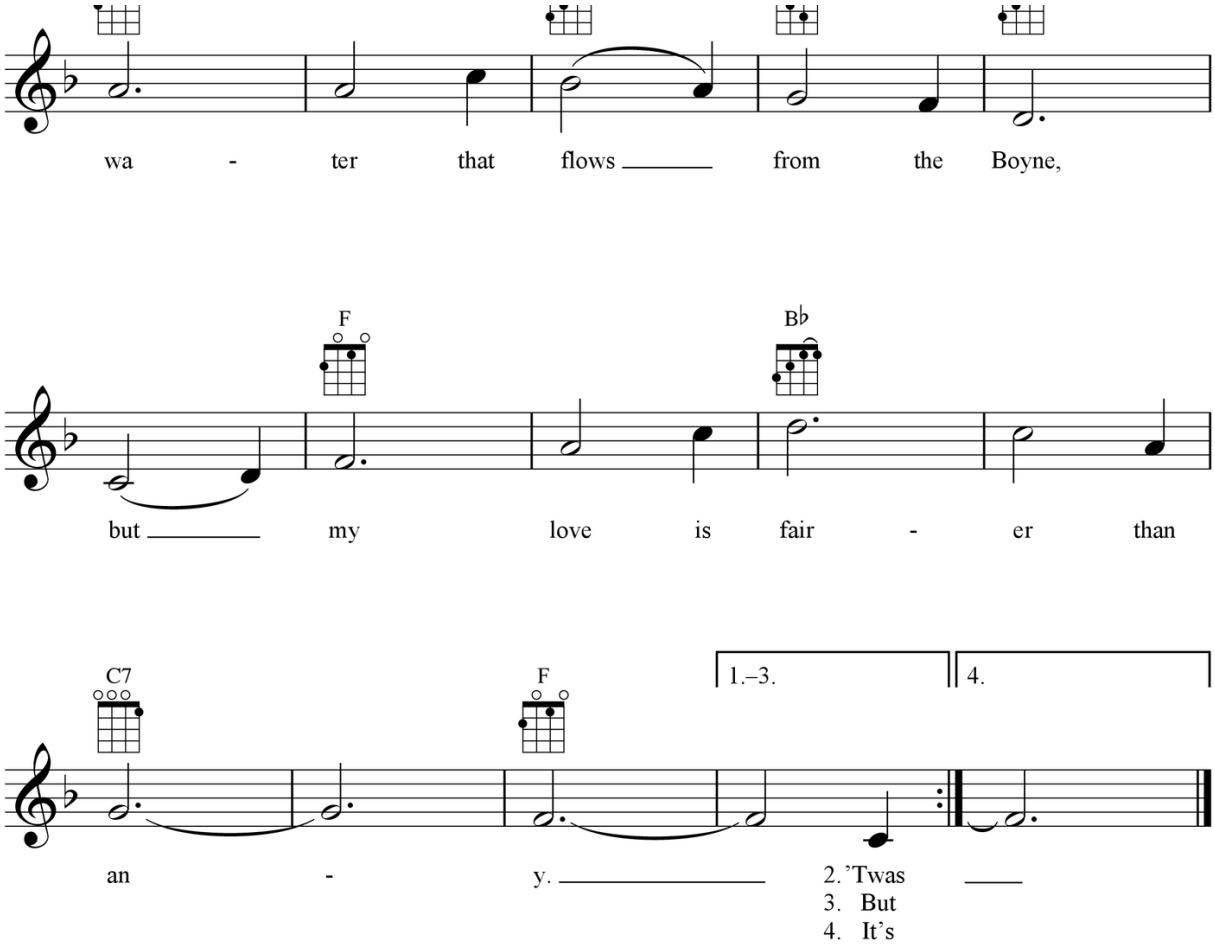
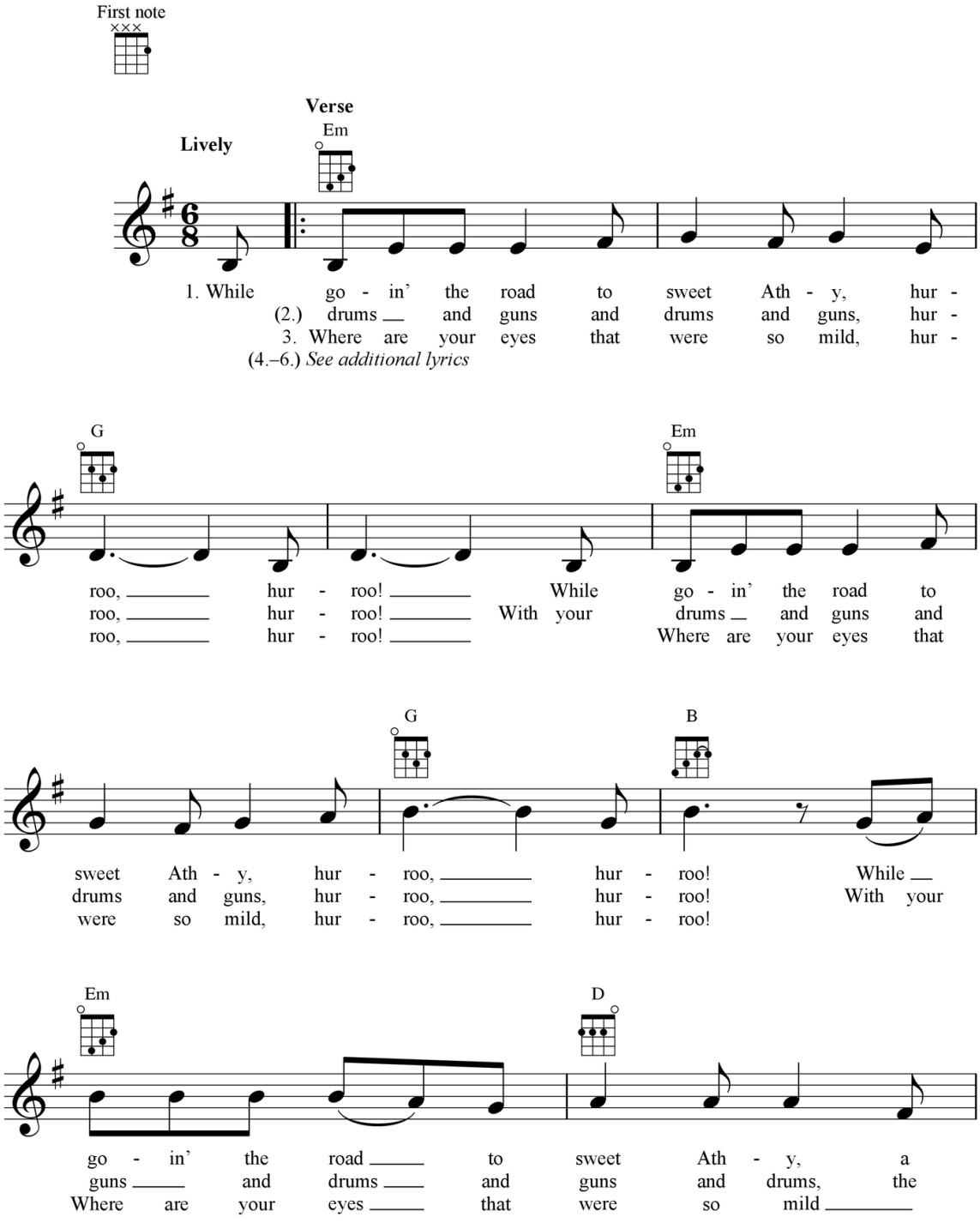

Am
B♭
choose the rose, love, and I will
shone its beams through her locks of
of re - gret, but my heart will
for the loss of my bon - ny
Gm
B♭
F
make the vow, and I'll be
gold - en hair. She swore she
ne'er for - get that once
I - rish lass that my heart

B♭ C7

your true love for - ev -
would love me for - ev -
she was tru - ly my lov -
is bro - ken for - ev -
Chorus
F C7 F Dm
er.
er.
er.
er.
Red is the rose
Gm B♭
that by yon - der gar - den grows.
F Dm B♭
Fair is the li - ly of the val -
C B♭
- ley. Clear is the
Am B♭ Gm B♭


wa - ter that flows from the Boyne,
F
B♭
but my love is fair - er than
C7
F
1.–3.
4.
an - y.
2. 'Twas
3. But
4. It's

Johnny, I Hardly Knew You

Traditional Irish Folk Song

First note
Verse
Em
Lively
1. While go - in' the road to sweet Ath - y, hur -
(2.) drums __ and guns and drums and guns, hur -
3. Where are your eyes that were so mild, hur -
(4.–6.) See additional lyrics
G
Em
roo, _____ hur - roo! _____ While go - in' the road to
roo, _____ hur - roo! _____ With your drums __ and guns and
roo, _____ hur - roo! _____ Where are your eyes that
G
B
sweet Ath - y, hur - roo, _____ hur - roo! While __
drums and guns, hur - roo, _____ hur - roo! With your
were so mild, hur - roo, _____ hur - roo!
Em
D
go - in' the road _____ to sweet Ath - y, a
guns _____ and drums ____ and guns and drums, the
Where are your eyes _____ that were so mild _____

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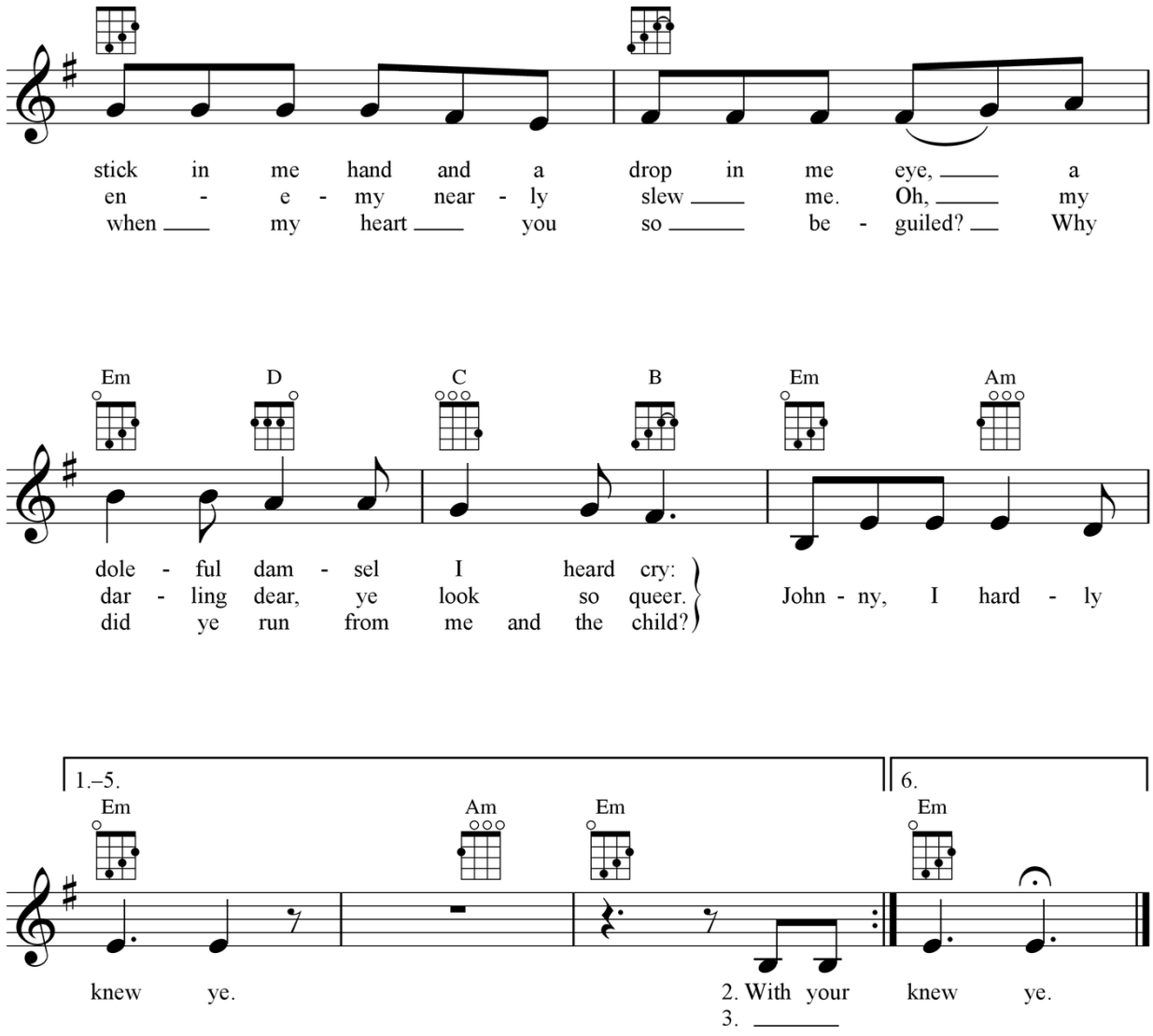
Em B

stick in me hand and a drop in me eye, ____ a
en - e - my near - ly slew ____ me. Oh, ____ my
when ____ my heart ____ you so ____ be - guiled? ___ Why
Em D C B Em Am
dole - ful dam - sel I heard cry:
dar - ling dear, ye look so queer.
did ye run from me and the child?
John - ny, I hard - ly
1.–5.
6.
Em Am Em Em
knew ye.
2. With your knew ye.
3. ____

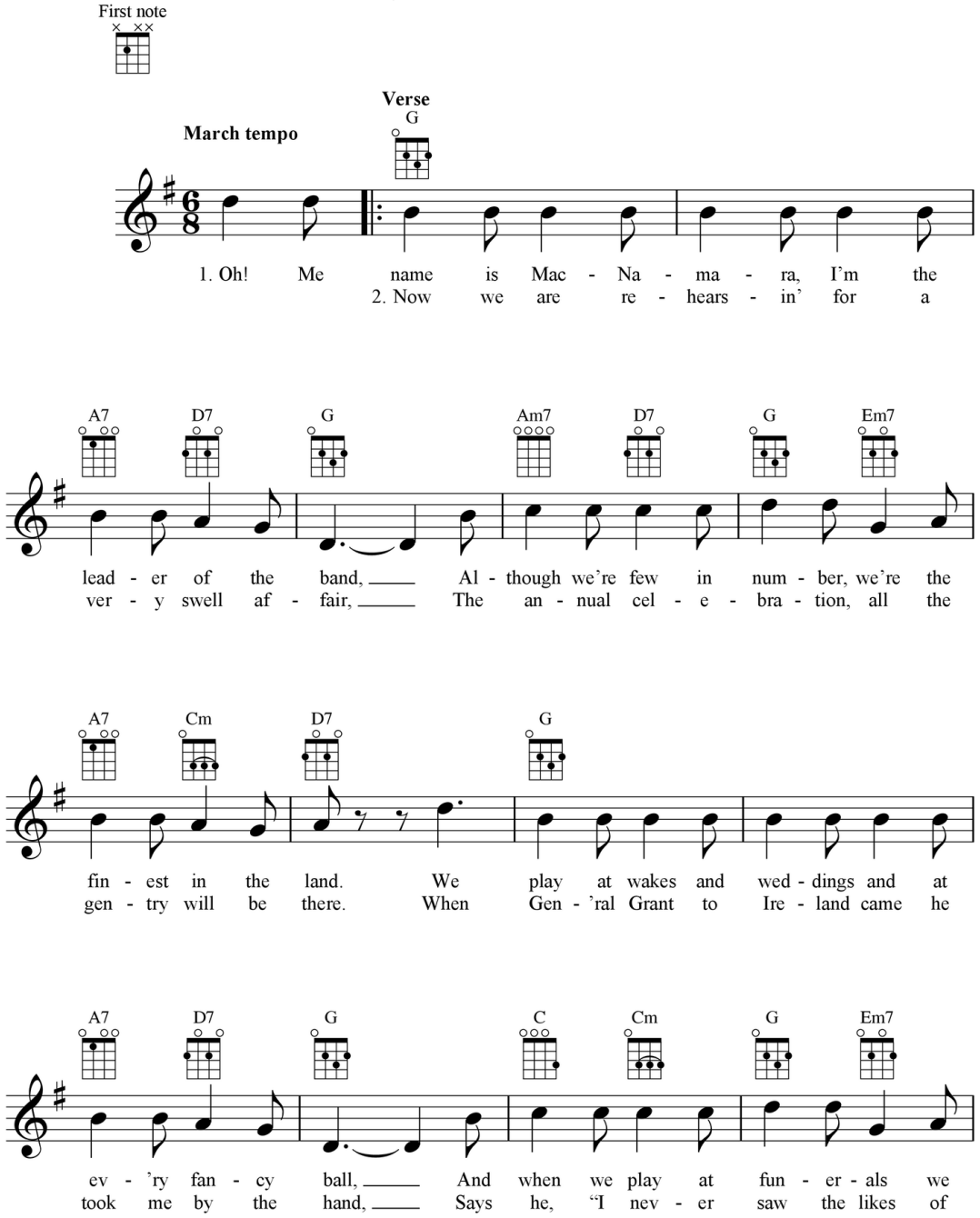
Additional Lyrics

4. Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo!
   Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo!
   Where are your legs that used to run
   When you went for to carry a gun?
   Indeed, your dancing days are done.
   Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

5. I'm happy for to see you home, hurroo, hurroo!
   I'm happy for to see you home, hurroo, hurroo!
   I'm happy for to see you home
   All from the island of Sulloon,
   So low in flesh, so high in bone.
   Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

6. Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo!
   Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo!
   Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
   Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg.
   Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg.
   Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

MacNamara's Band

Words by John J. Stamford

First note
March tempo
Verse
G
1. Oh! Me name is Mac - Na - ma - ra, I'm the
2. Now we are re - hears - in' for a
A7 D7 G Am7 D7 G Em7
lead - er of the band, Al - though we're few in num - ber, we're the
ver - y swell af - fair, The an - nual cel - e - bra - tion, all the
A7 Cm D7 G
fin - est in the land. We play at wakes and wed - dings and at
gen - try will be there. When Gen - 'ral Grant to Ire - land came he
A7 D7 G C Cm G Em7
ev - 'ry fan - cy ball, And when we play at fun - er - als we
took me by the hand, Says he, "I nev - er saw the likes of

Music by Shamus O'Connor
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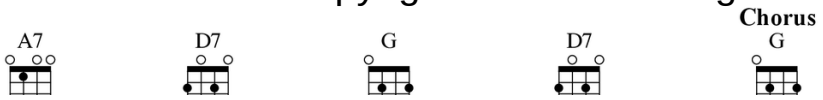
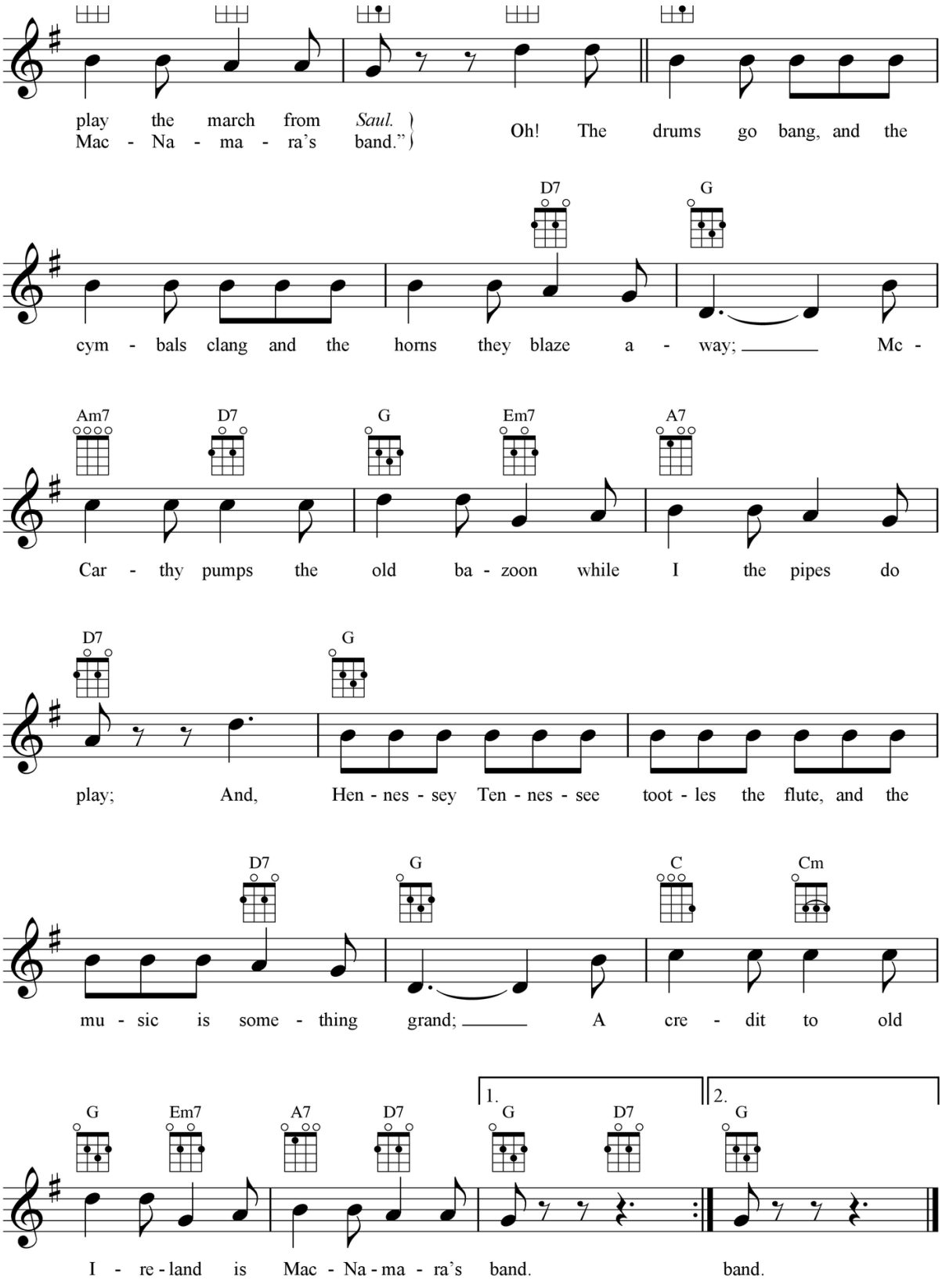
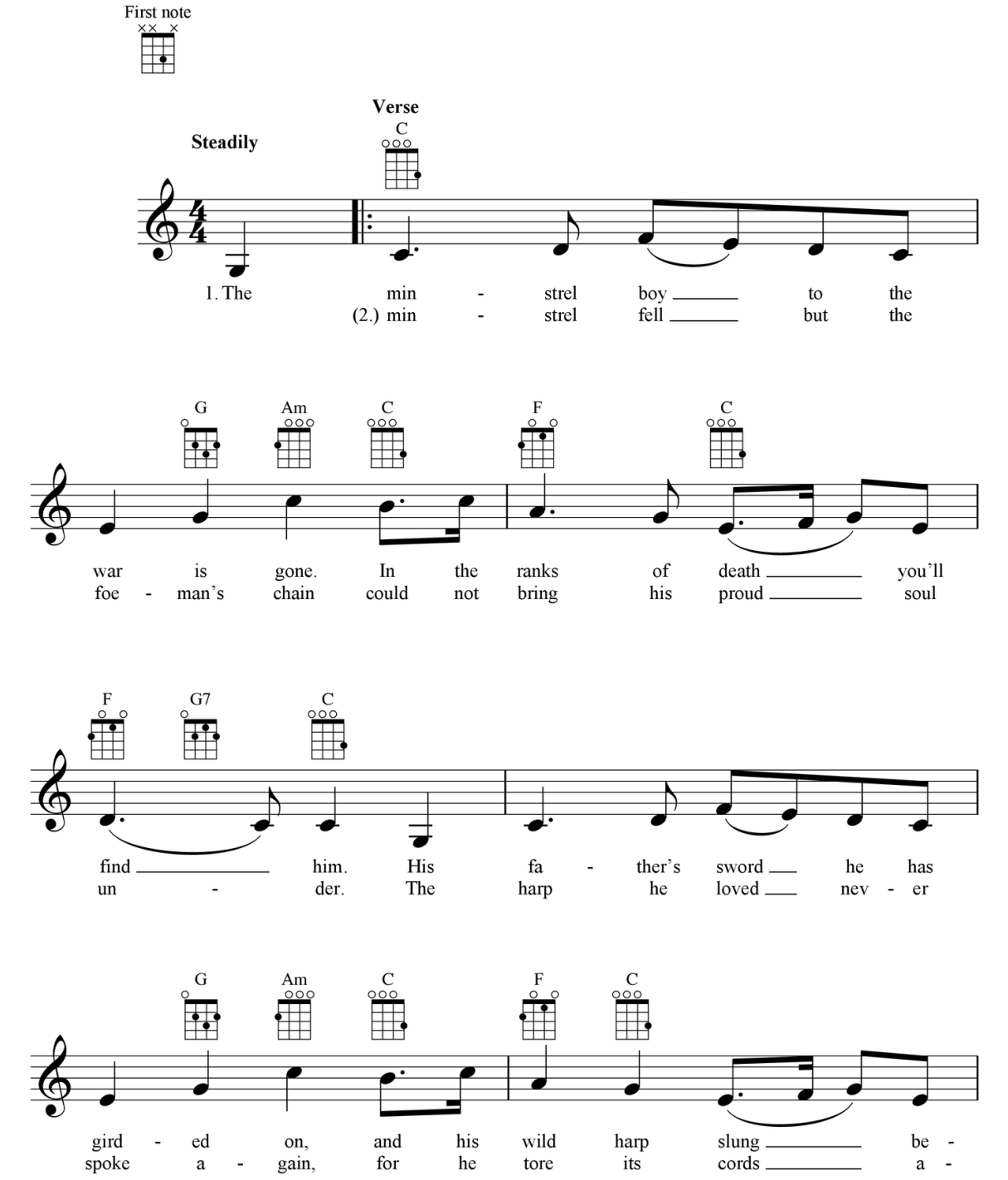


play the march from *Saul.*
Mac - Na - ma - ra's band."
Oh! The drums go bang, and the
D7
G
cym - bals clang and the horns they blaze a - way; ____ Mc -
Am7
D7
G
Em7
A7
Car - thy pumps the old ba - zoon while I the pipes do
D7
G
play; And, Hen - nes - sey Ten - nes - see toot - les the flute, and the
D7
G
C
Cm
mu - sic is some - thing grand; ____ A cre - dit to old
G
Em7
A7
D7
1.
G
D7
2.
G
I - re - land is Mac - Na - ma - ra's band. band.

Minstrel Boy

Traditional


First note
Verse
Steadily
C
1. The min - strel boy to the
(2.) min - strel fell but the
G Am C F C
war is gone. In the ranks of death you'll
foe - man's chain could not bring his proud soul
F G7 C
find him. His fa - ther's sword he has
un - der. The harp he loved nev - er
G Am C F C
gird - ed on, and his wild harp slung be -
spoke a - gain, for he tore its cords a -

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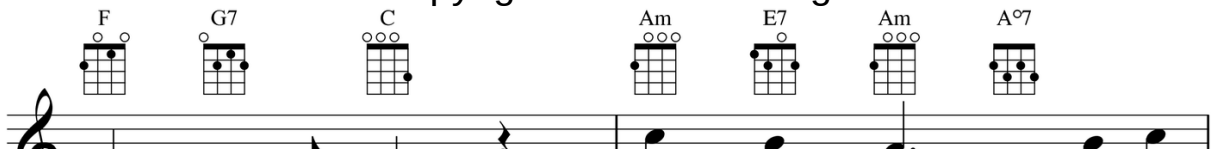
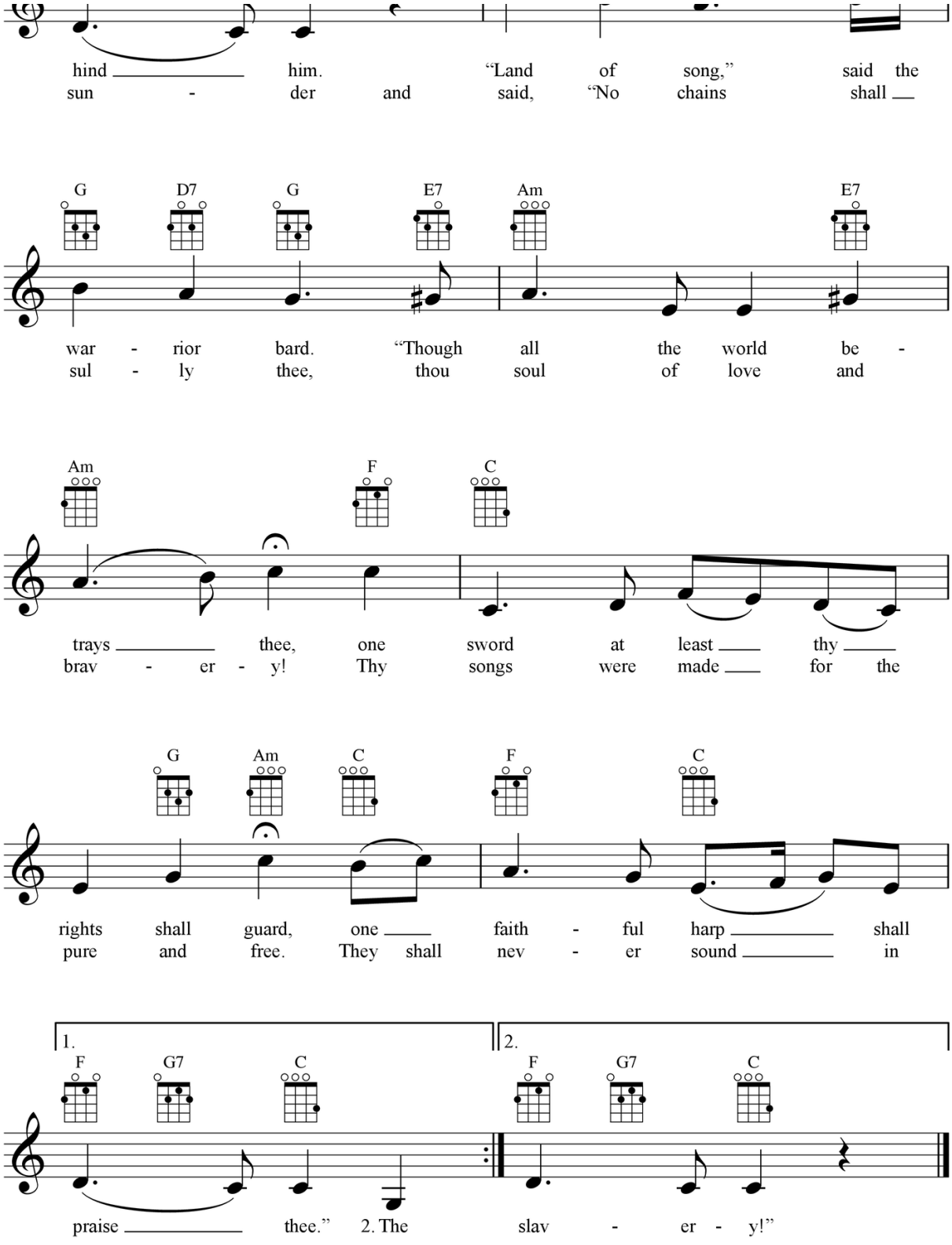
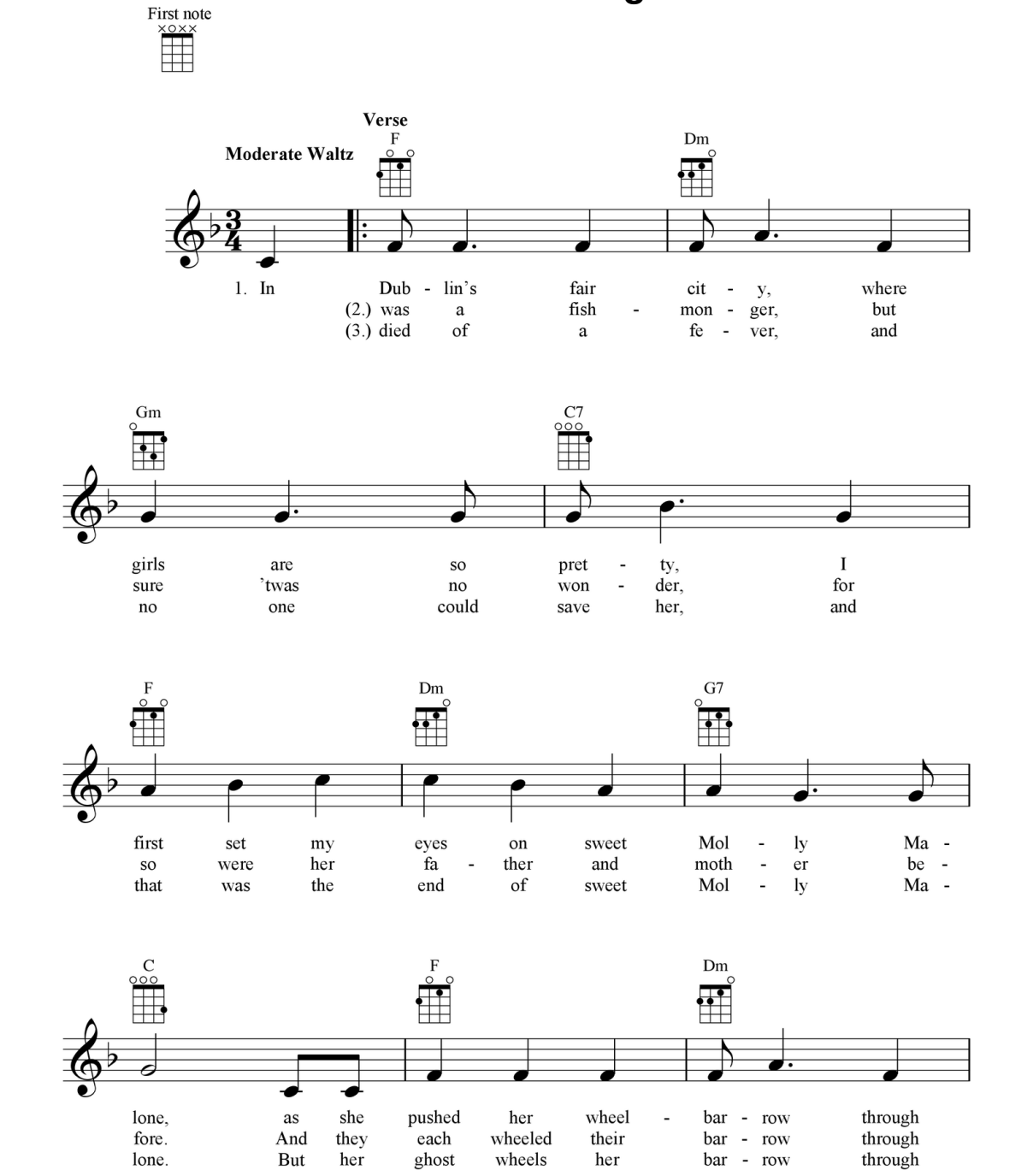


hind him. "Land of song," said the
sun - der and said, "No chains shall
G D7 G E7 Am E7
war - rior bard. "Though all the world be -
sul - ly thee, thou soul of love and
Am F C
trays thee, one sword at least thy
brav - er - y! Thy songs were made for the
G Am C F C
rights shall guard, one faith - ful harp shall
pure and free. They shall nev - er sound in
1. 2.
F G7 C F G7 C
praise thee." 2. The slav - er - y!"

Molly Malone

(Cockles & Mussels)

Irish Folksong


First note
Verse
Moderate Waltz
F
Dm
1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, where
(2.) was a fish - mon - ger, but
(3.) died of a fe - ver, and
Gm
C7
girls are so pret - ty, I
sure 'twas no won - der, for
no one could save her, and
F
Dm
G7
first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma -
so were her fa - ther and moth - er be -
that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma -
C
F
Dm
lone, as she pushed her wheel - bar - row through
fore. And they each wheeled their bar - row through
lone. But her ghost wheels her bar - row through

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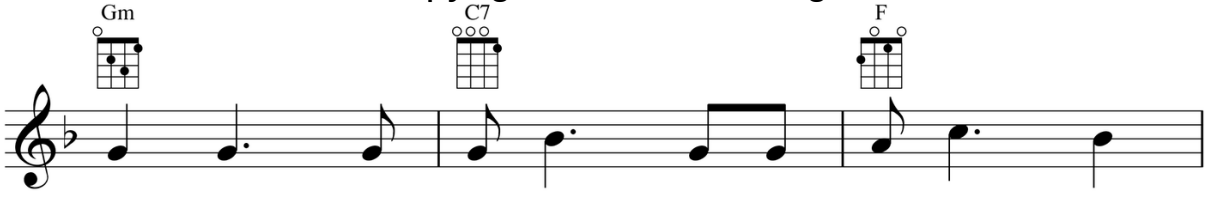
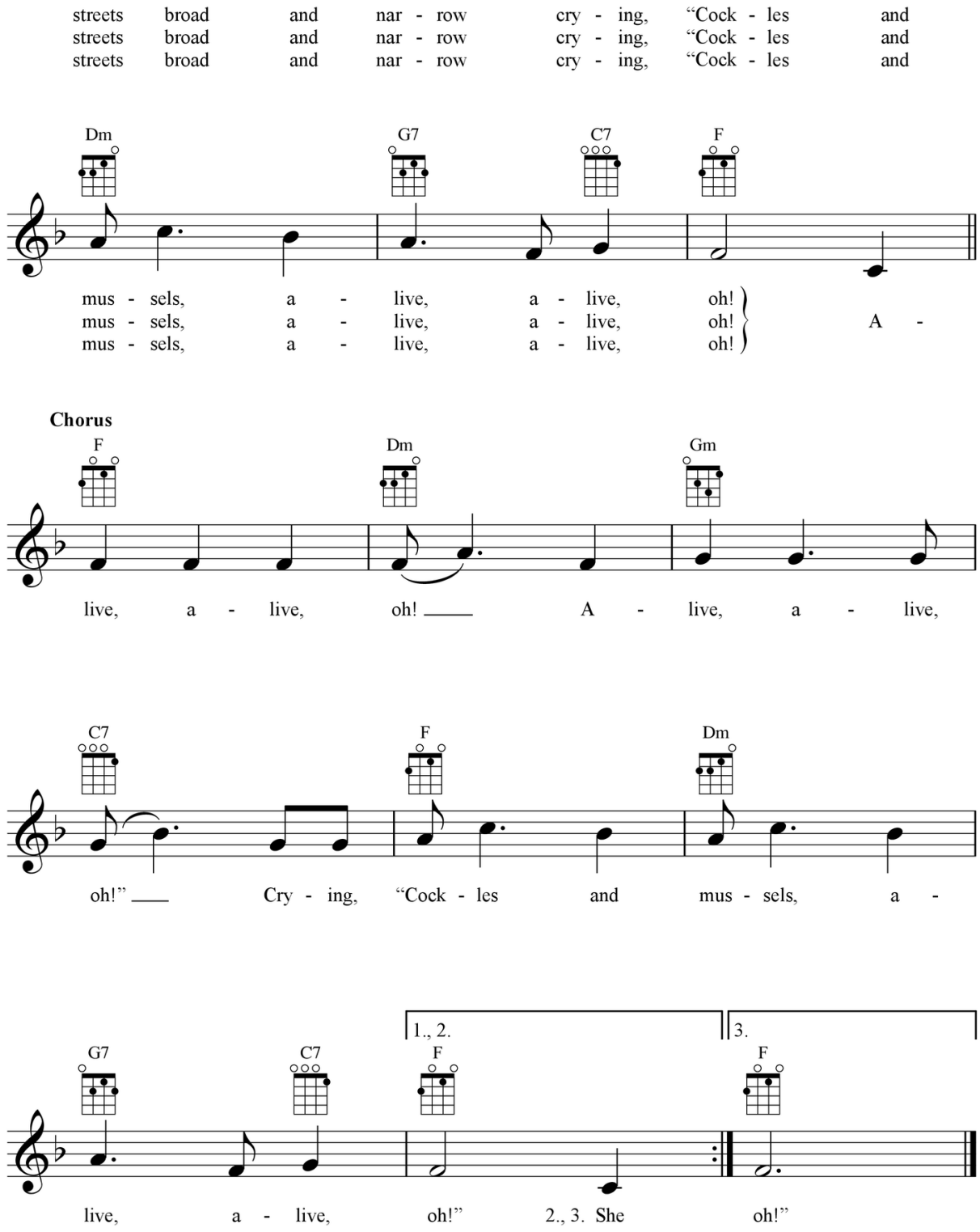
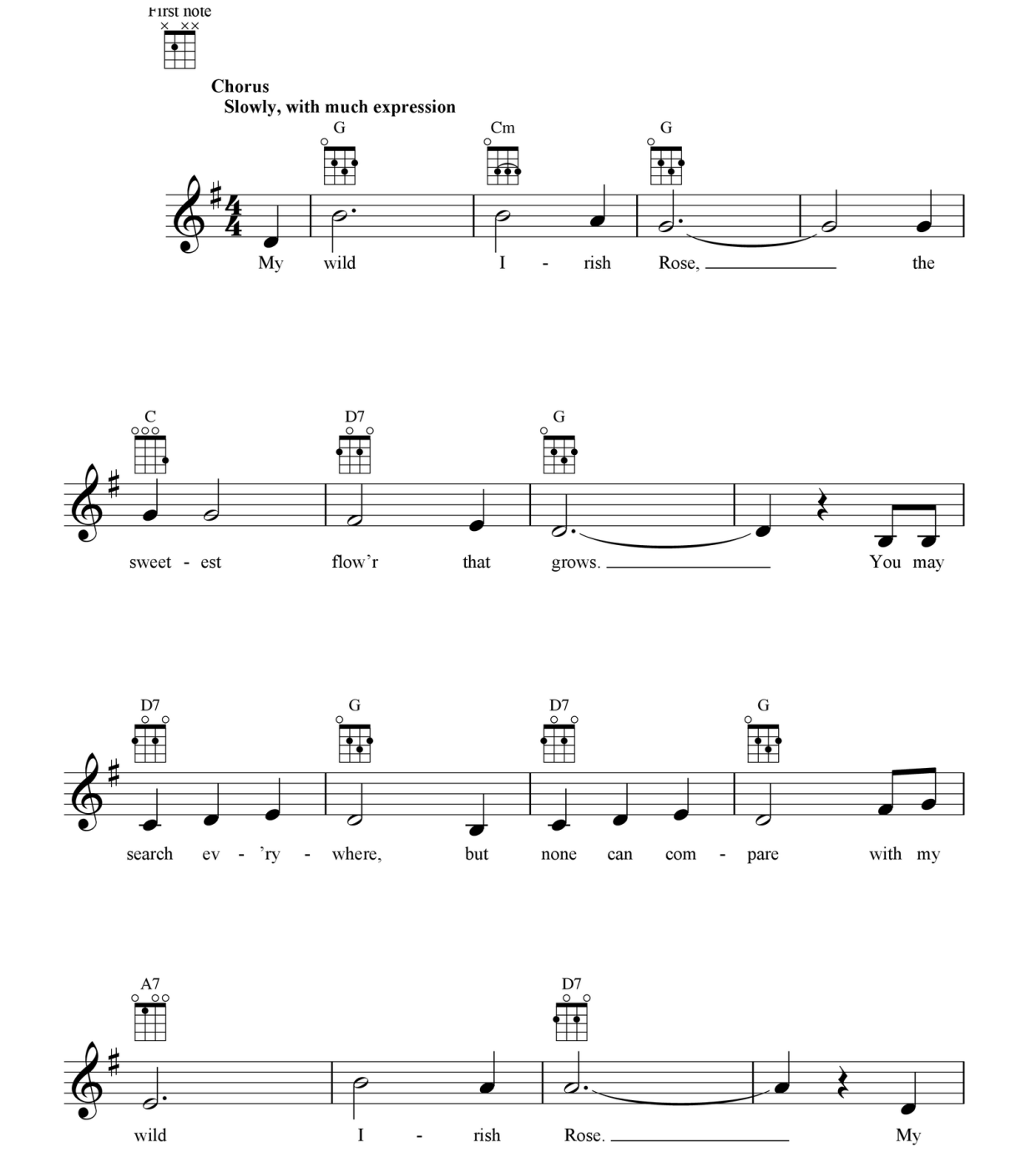

streets broad and nar - row cry - ing, "Cock - les and
streets broad and nar - row cry - ing, "Cock - les and
streets broad and nar - row cry - ing, "Cock - les and
Dm G7 C7 F
mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!
mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!
mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!
A -
Chorus
F Dm Gm
live, a - live, oh! A - live, a - live,
C7 F Dm
oh!" Cry - ing, "Cock - les and mus - sels, a -
1., 2. 3.
G7 C7 F F
live, a - live, oh!" 2., 3. She oh!"

My Wild Irish Rose

Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott

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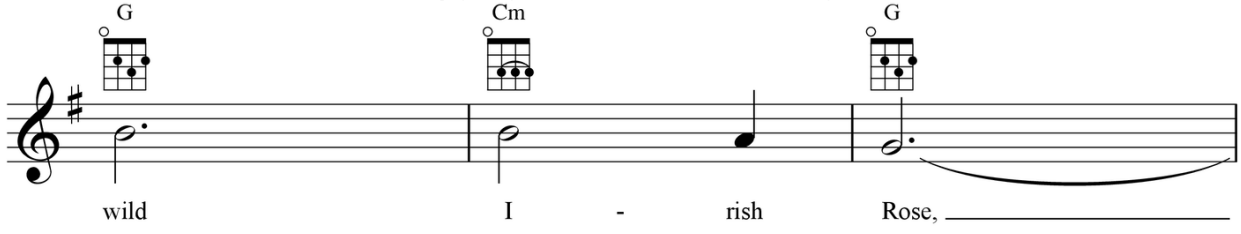
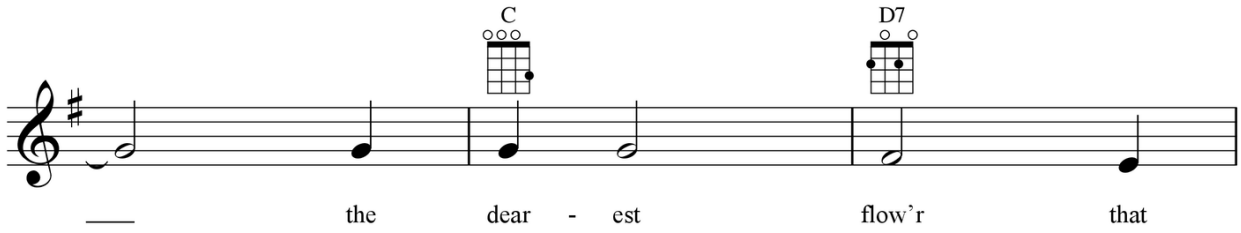
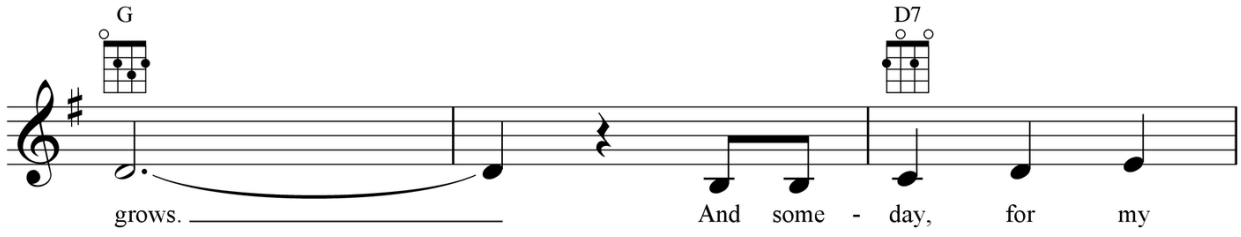
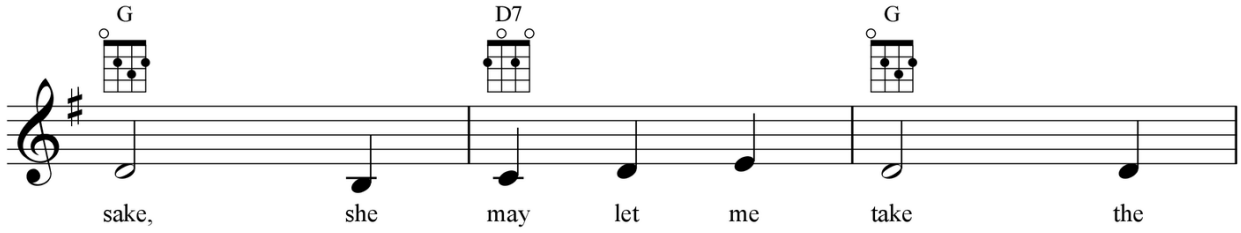
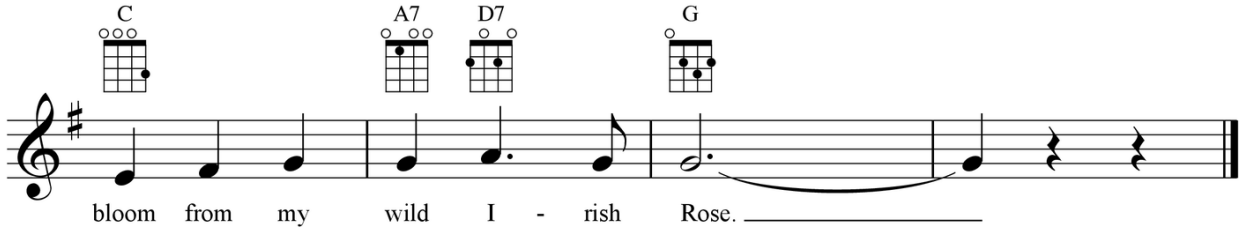


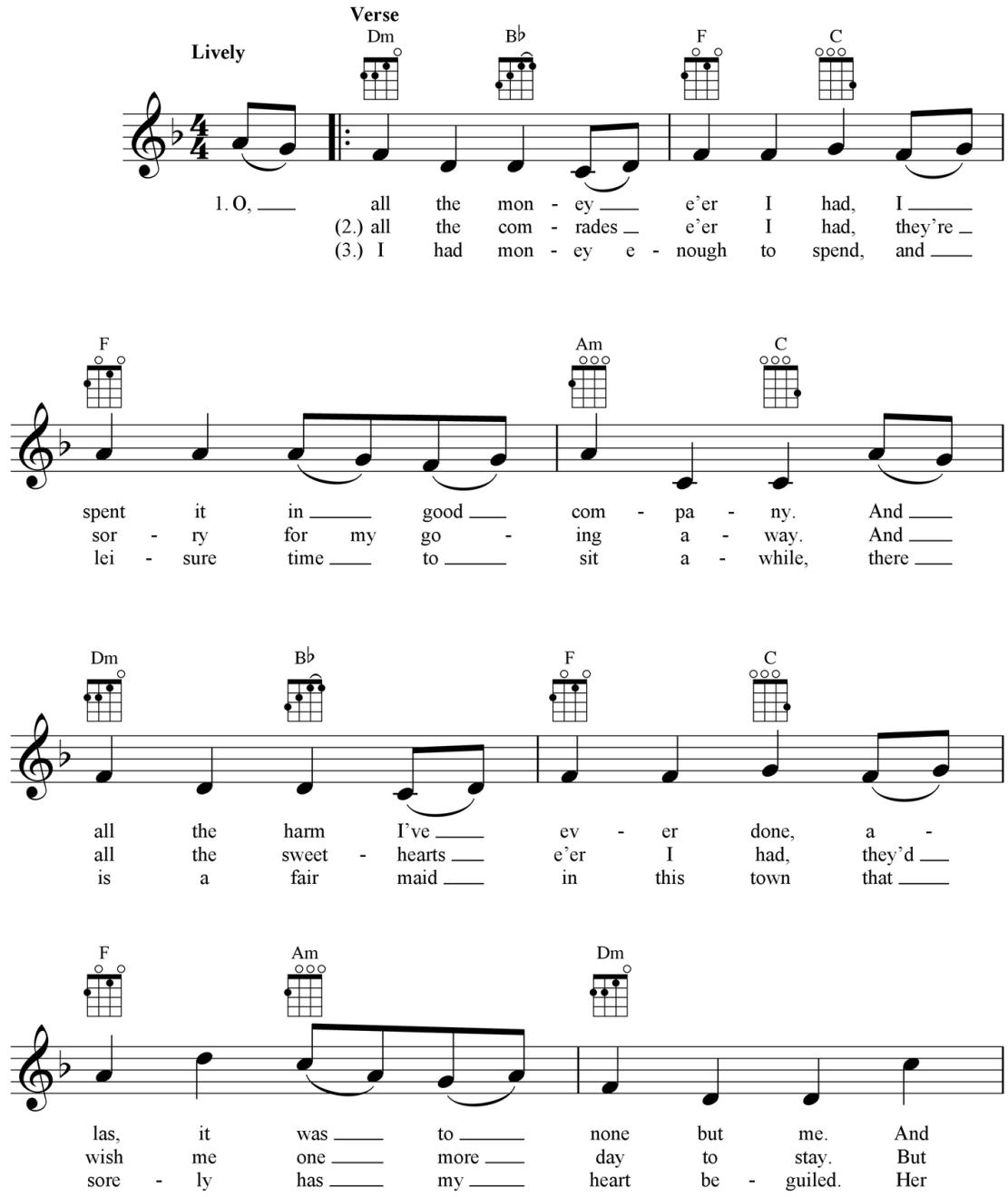








The Parting Glass

Irish Folksong

Verse
Lively
Dm
B♭
F
C
1. O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I
(2.) all the com - rades e'er I had, they're
(3.) I had mon - ey e - nough to spend, and
F
Am
C
spent it in good com - pa - ny. And
sor - ry for my go - ing a - way. And
lei - sure time to sit a - while, there
Dm
B♭
F
C
all the harm I've ev - er done, a -
all the sweet - hearts e'er I had, they'd
is a fair maid in this town that
F
Am
Dm
las, it was to none but me. And
wish me one more day to stay. But
sore - ly has my heart be - guiled. Her

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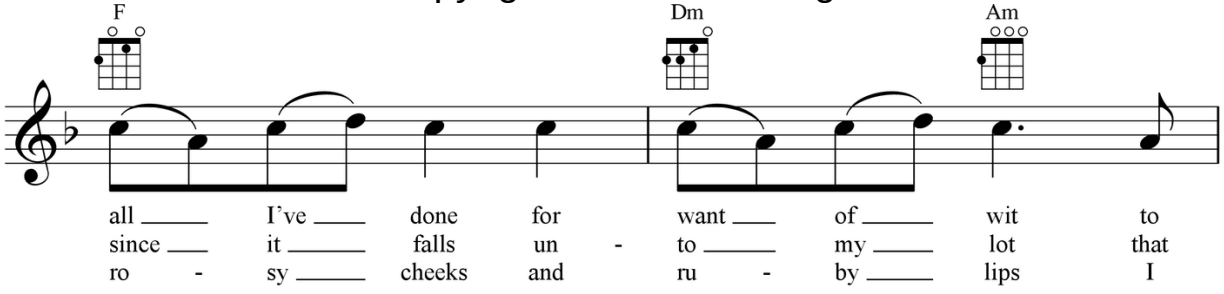
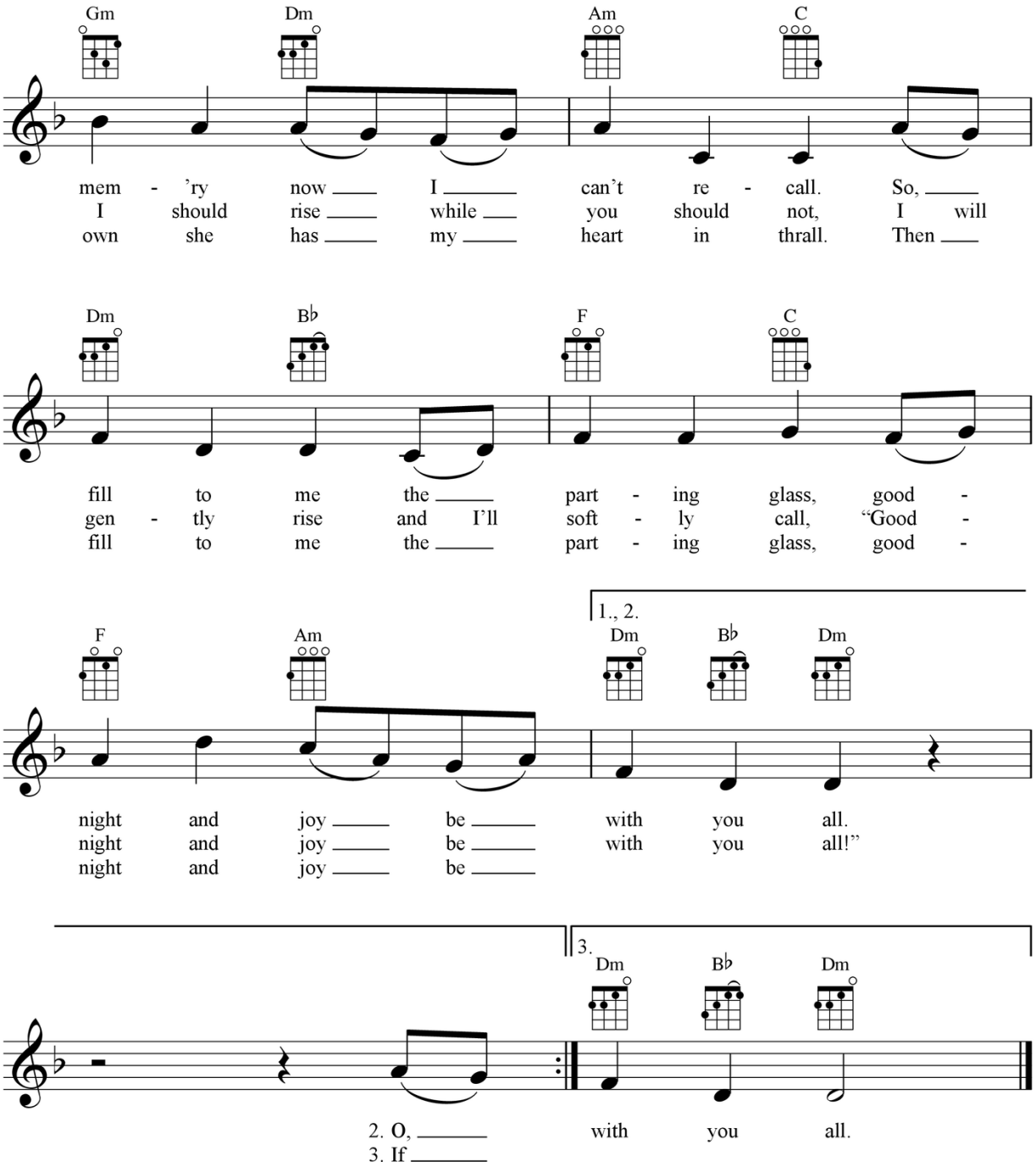
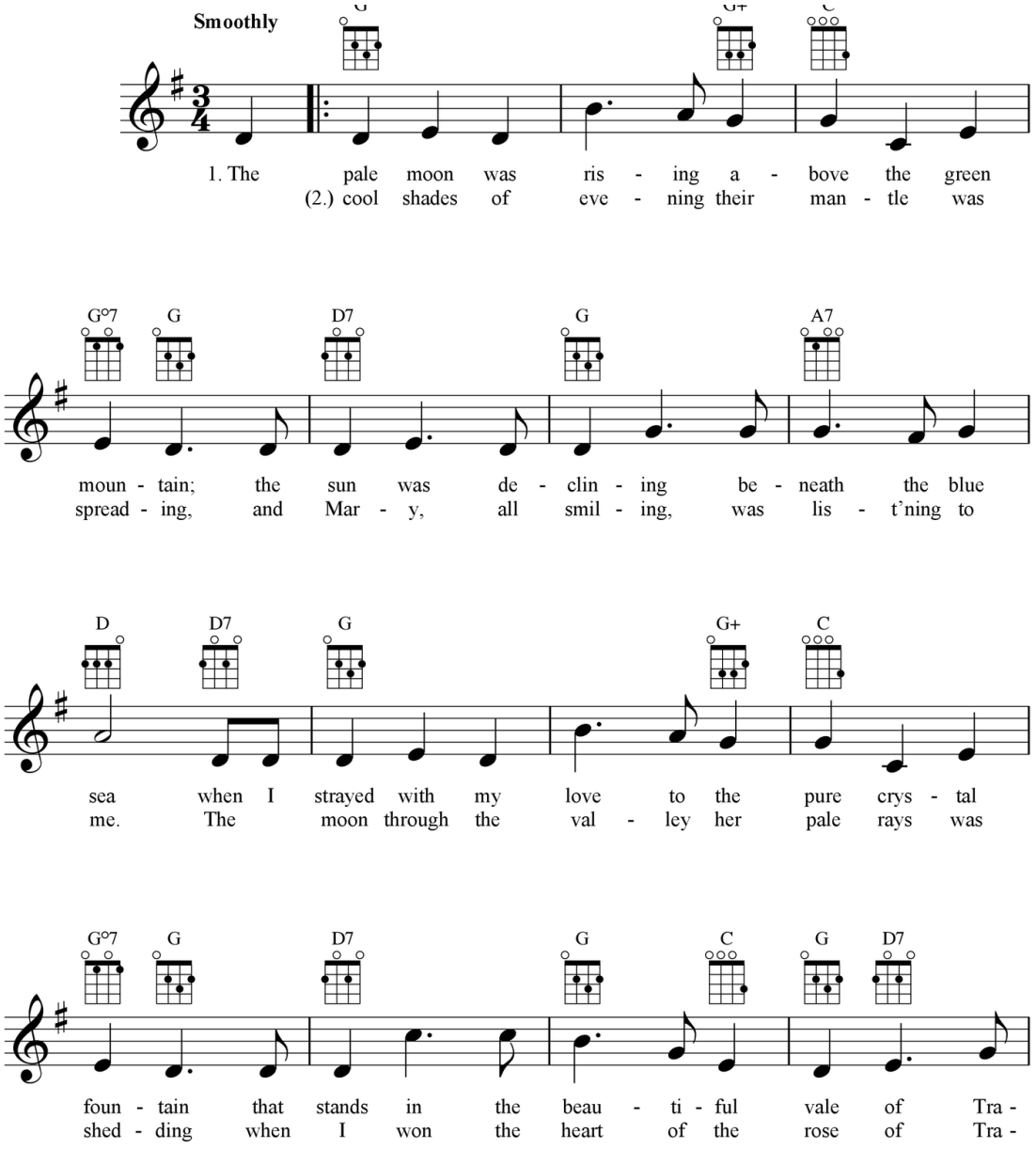


Gm Dm Am C
mem - 'ry now ___ I ___ can't re - call. So, ___
I should rise ___ while ___ you should not, I will
own she has ___ my ___ heart in thrall. Then ___
Dm B♭ F C
fill to me the ___ part - ing glass, good -
gen - tly rise and I'll soft - ly call, "Good -
fill to me the ___ part - ing glass, good -
1., 2.
F Am Dm B♭ Dm
night and joy ___ be ___ with you all.
night and joy ___ be ___ with you all!"
night and joy ___ be ___
3.
Dm B♭ Dm
2. O, ___ with you all.
3. If ___

The Rose Of Tralee

Words by C. Mordaunt Spencer

First note

Verse

Smoothly
G
G+
C
1. The pale moon was ris - ing a - bove the green
(2.) cool shades of eve - ning their man - tle was
G°7
G
D7
G
A7
moun - tain; the sun was de - clin - ing be - neath the blue
spread - ing, and Mar - y, all smil - ing, was lis - t'ning to
D
D7
G
G+
C
sea when I strayed with my love to the pure crys - tal
me. The moon through the val - ley her pale rays was
G°7
G
D7
G
C
G
D7
foun - tain that stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra -
shed - ding when I won the heart of the rose of Tra -

Music by Charles W. Glover
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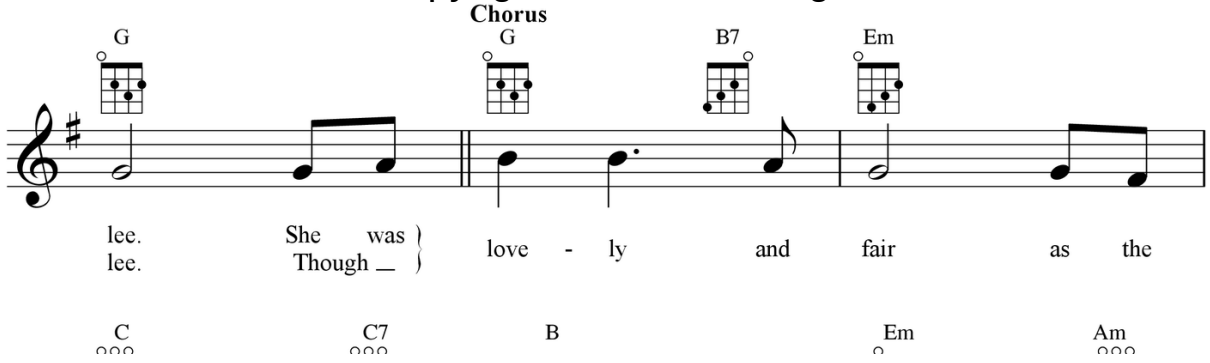
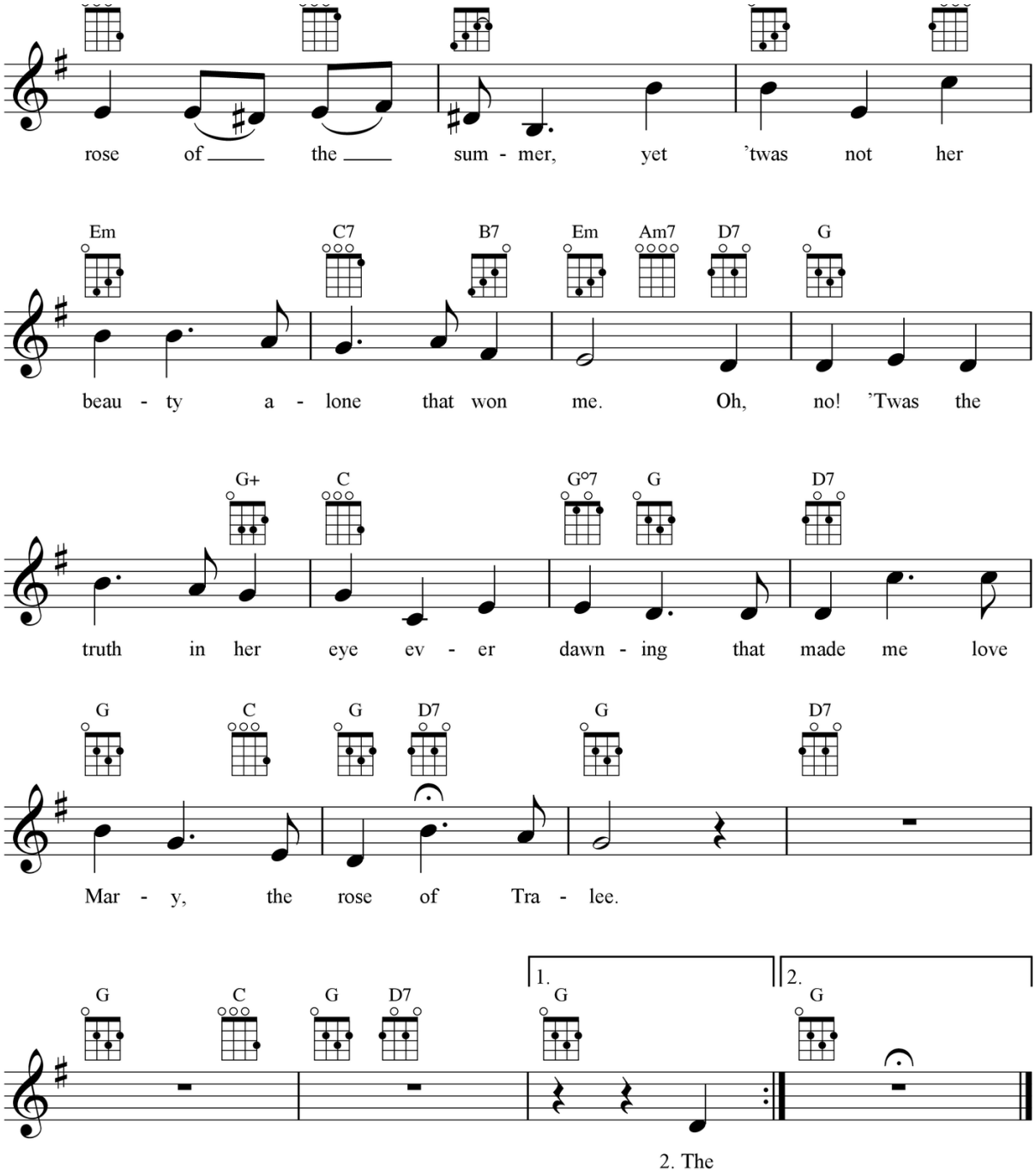


rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her
Em C7 B7 Em Am7 D7 G
beau - ty a - lone that won me. Oh, no! 'Twas the
G+ C G°7 G D7
truth in her eye ev - er dawn - ing that made me love
G C G D7 G D7
Mar - y, the rose of Tra - lee.
1. 2.
G C G D7 G G
2. The

Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral

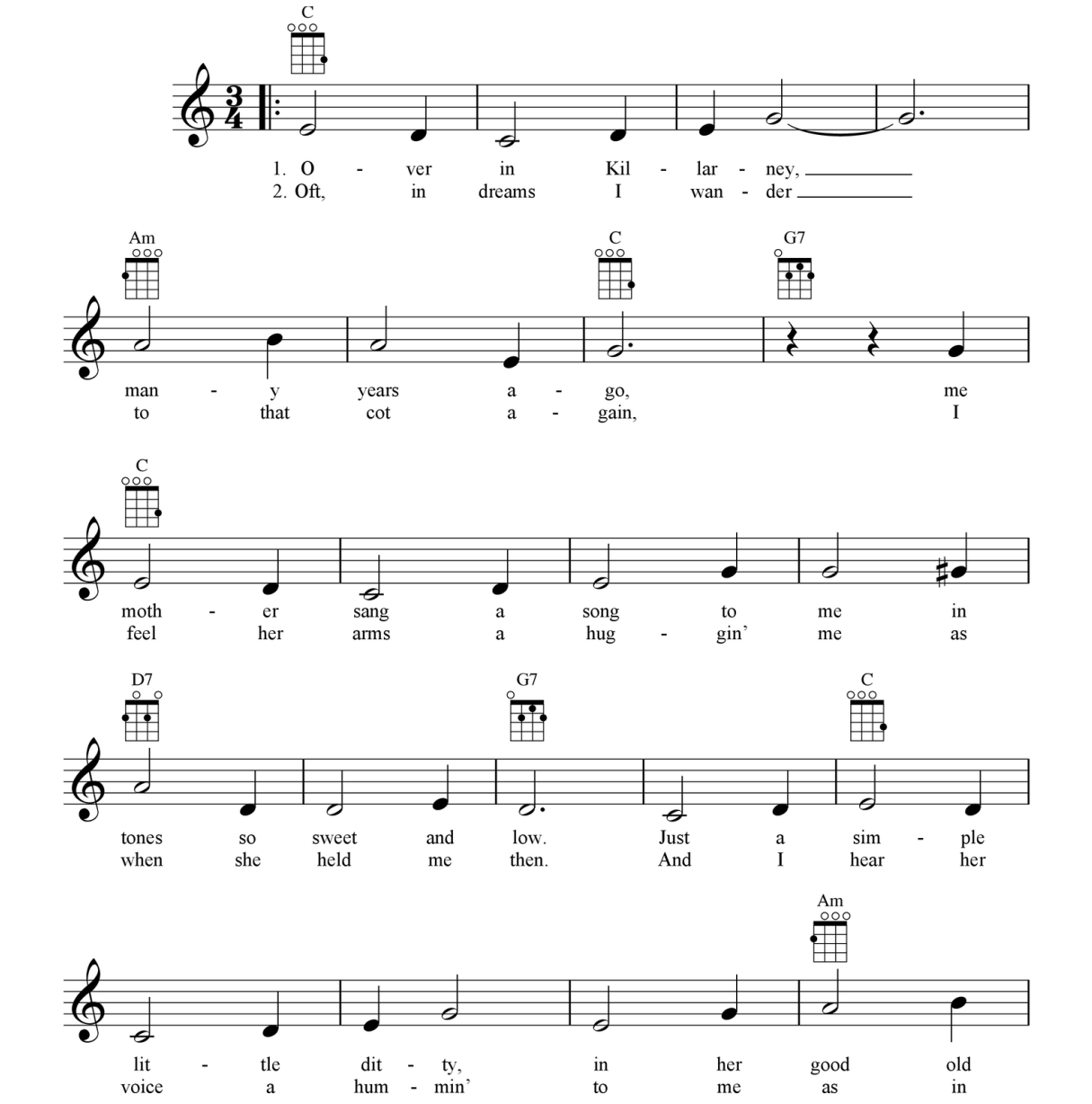
(That's An Irish Lullaby)

Words and Music by James R. Shannon

First note

Verse

Moderately


C
1. O - ver in Kil - lar - ney,
2. Oft, in dreams I wan - der
Am
C
G7
man - y years a - go, me
to that cot a - gain, I
C
moth - er sang a song to me in
feel her arms a hug - gin' me as
D7
G7
C
tones so sweet and low. Just a sim - ple
when she held me then. And I hear her
Am
lit - tle dit - ty, in her good old
voice a hum - min' to me as in

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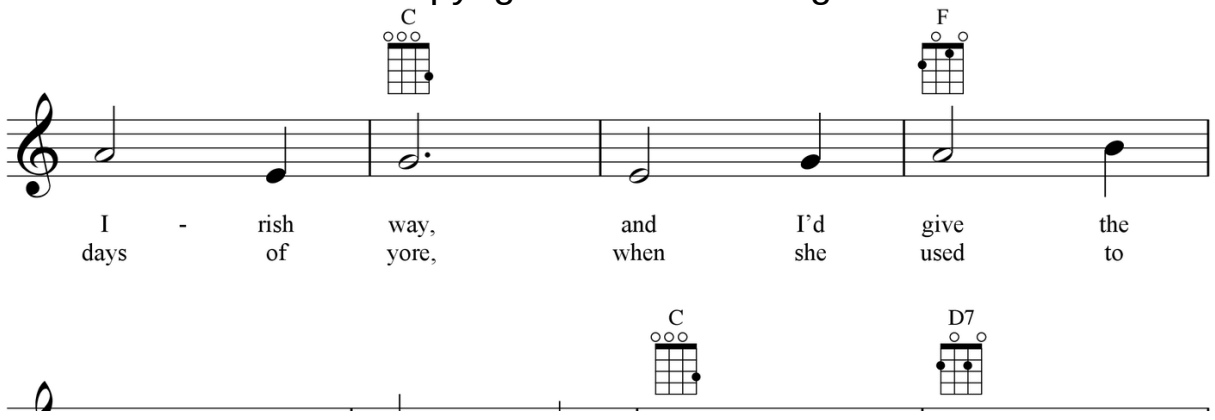
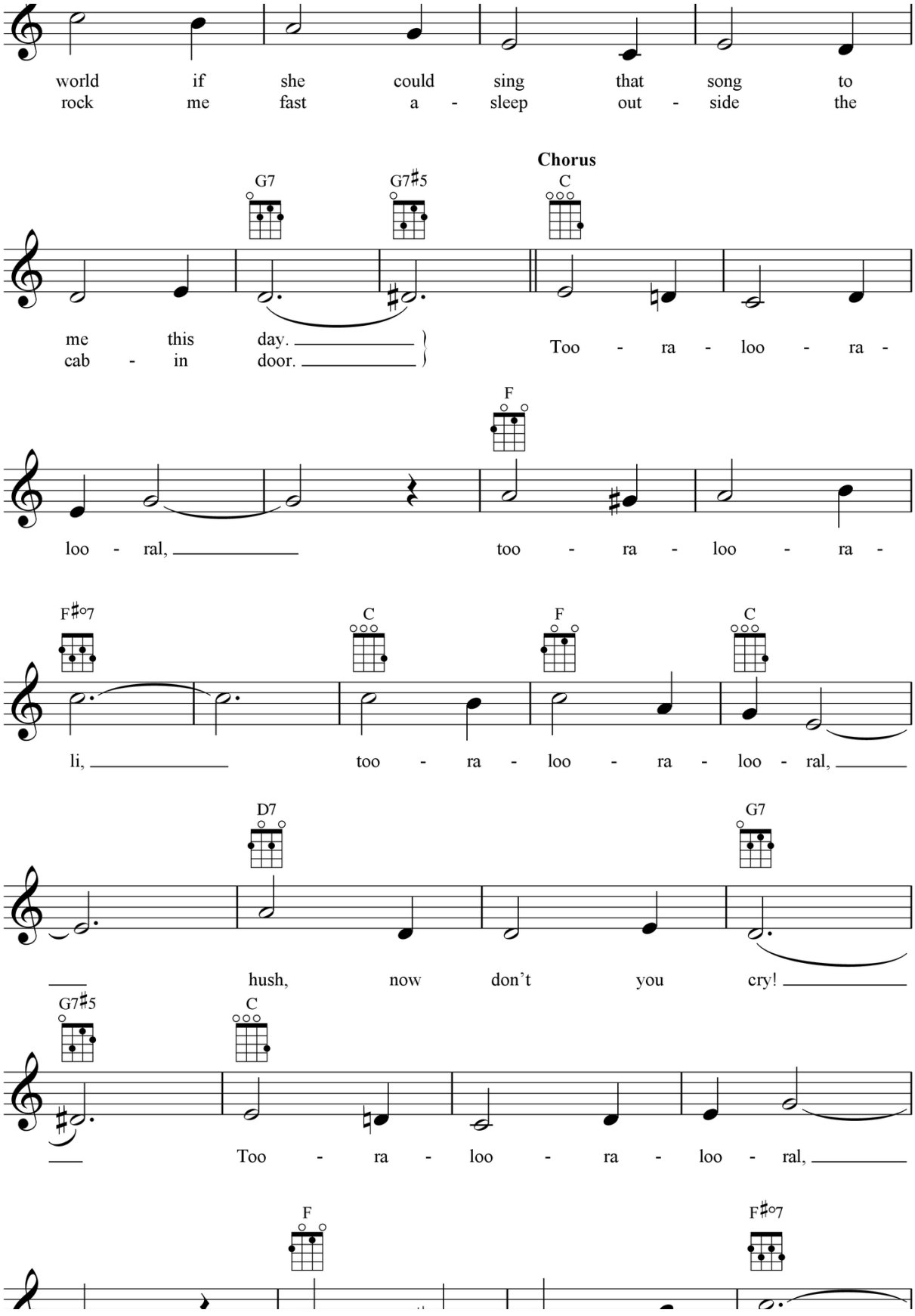
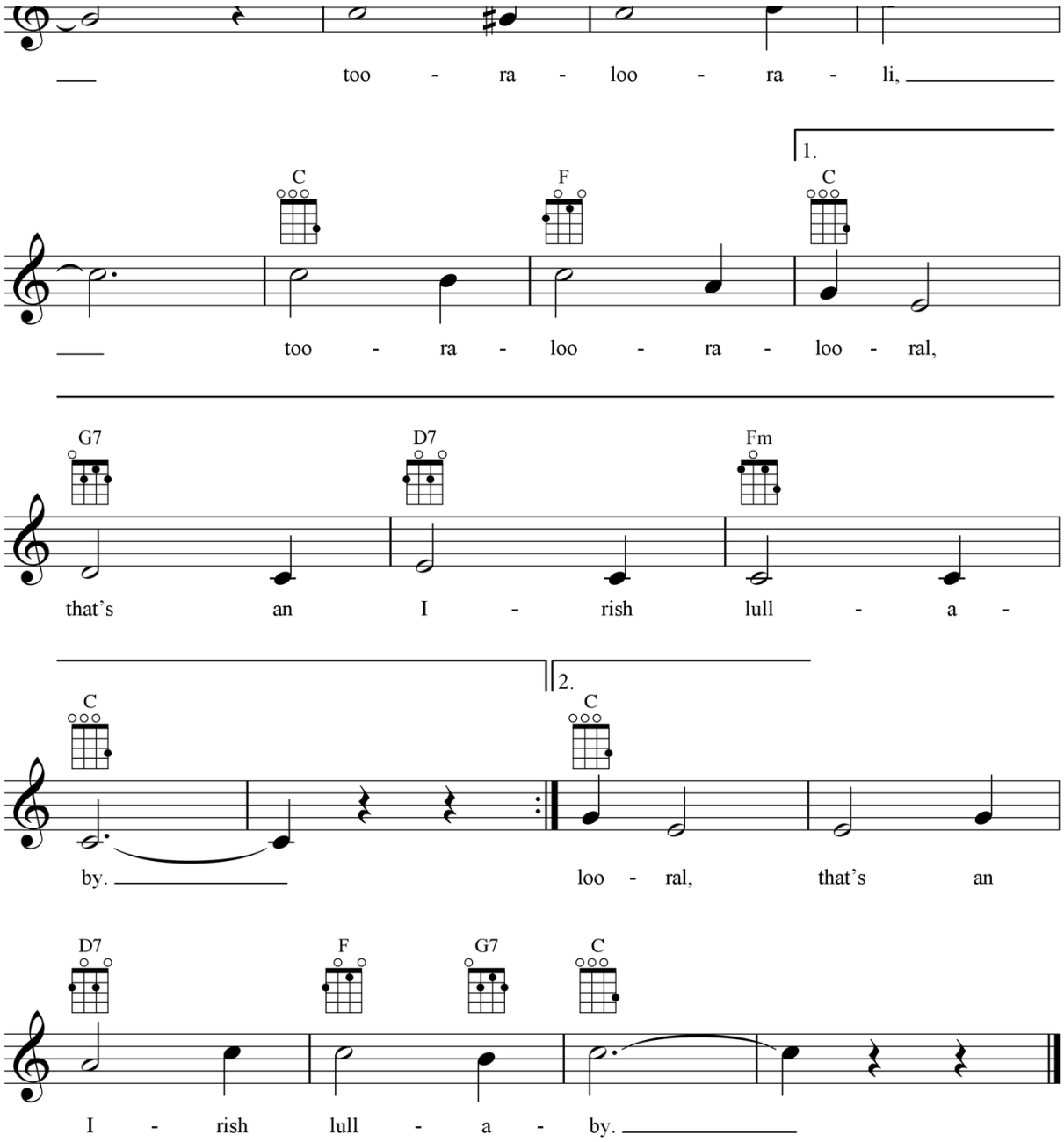
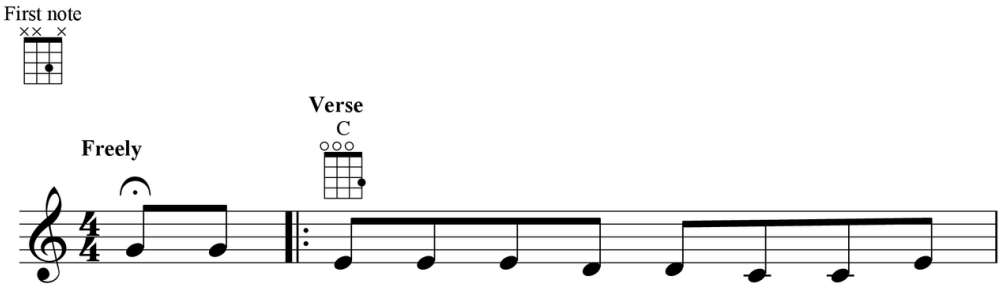
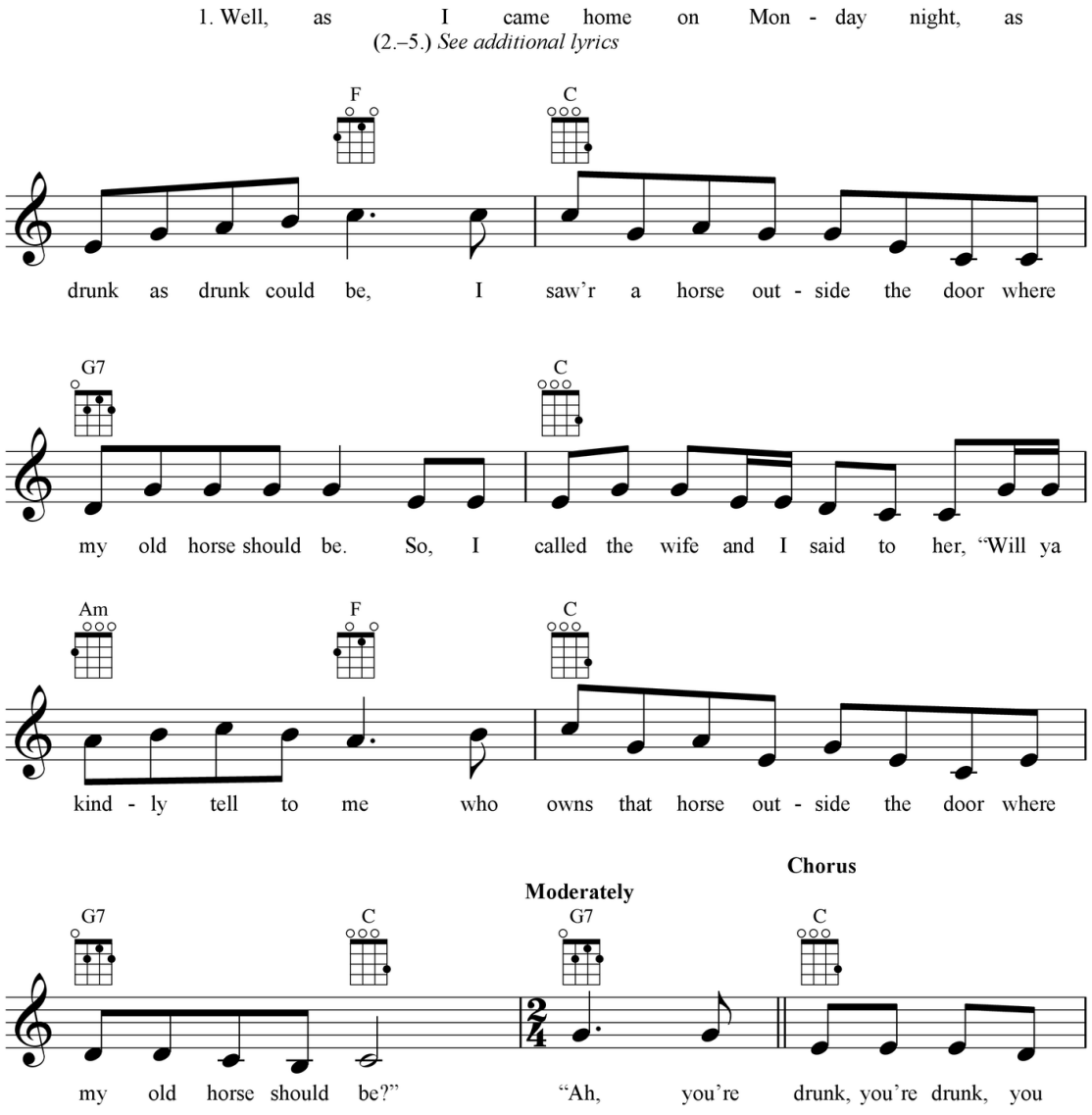


world if she could sing that song to
rock me fast a - sleep out - side the
Chorus
G7
G7♯5
C
me this day.
cab - in door.
Too - ra - loo - ra -
F
loo - ral,
too - ra - loo - ra -
F♯o7
C
F
C
li,
too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral,
D7
G7
hush, now don't you cry!
G7♯5
C
Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral,
F
F♯o7

Seven Drunken Nights

Traditional Irish Folk Song


1. Well, as I came home on Mon - day night, as
(2.–5.) See additional lyrics
F
C
drunk as drunk could be, I saw'r a horse out - side the door where
G7
C
my old horse should be. So, I called the wife and I said to her, "Will ya
Am
F
C
kind - ly tell to me who owns that horse out - side the door where
Chorus
Moderately
G7
C
G7
C
my old horse should be?" "Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you

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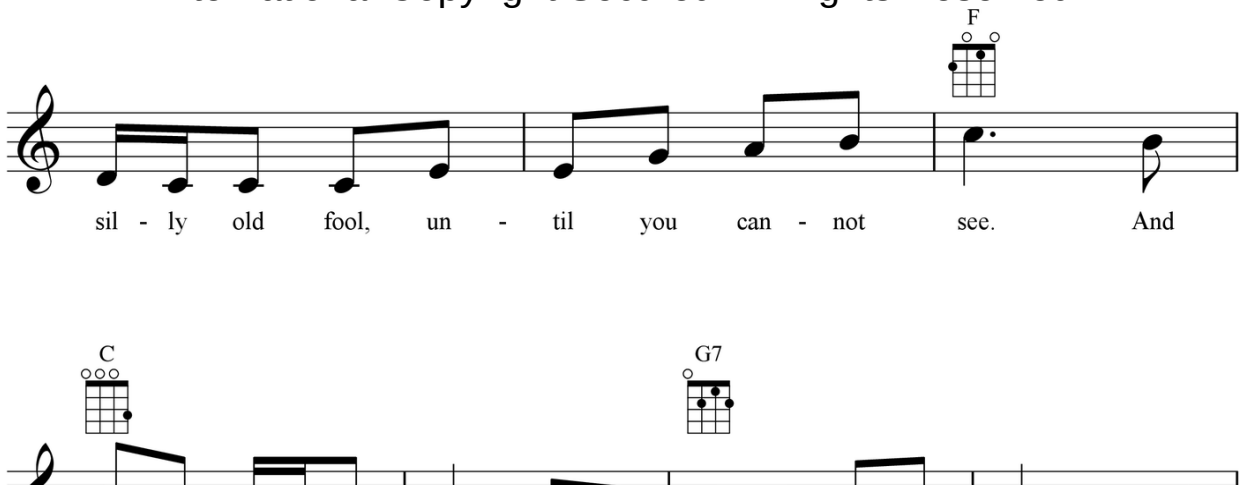
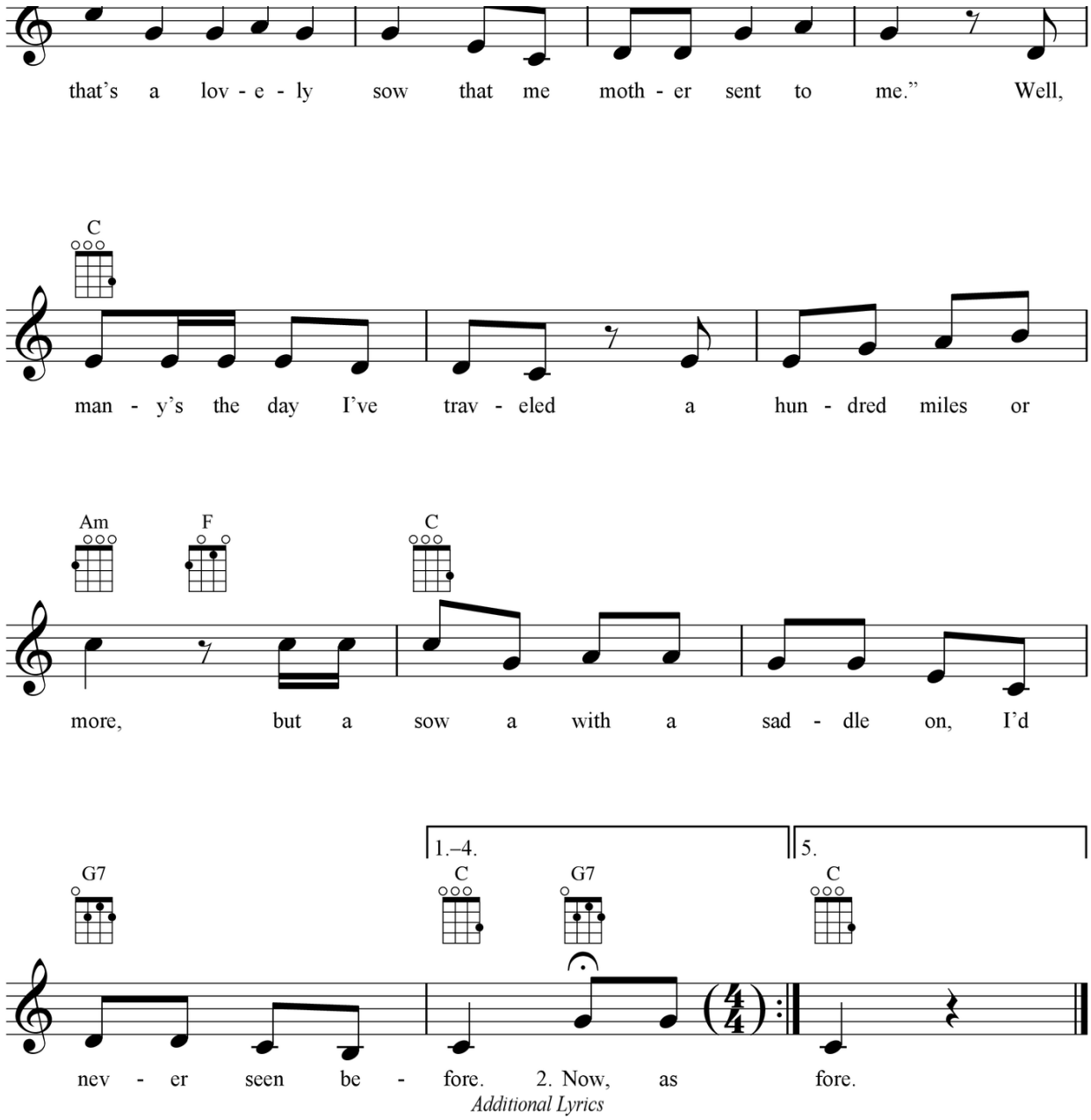


that's a lov - e - ly sow that me moth - er sent to me." Well,
C
man - y's the day I've trav - eled a hun - dred miles or
Am
F
C
more, but a sow a with a sad - dle on, I'd
1.–4.
5.
G7
C
G7
C
nev - er seen be - fore. 2. Now, as fore.

Additional Lyrics

2. Now, as I came home on Tuesday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw'r a coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be.
So I called the wife and I said to her,
"Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be?"

Chorus: "Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, till you cannot see.
That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me."
Well, many's the day I traveled a hundred miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket sure I never seen before.

3. And as I went home on Wednesday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw'r a pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be.
I calls the wife and I says to her,
"Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be?"

Chorus: "Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
And that's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me."
Well, and many's the day I've traveled a hundred miles or more,
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never seen before.

4. And as I went home on Thursday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw'r two boots beneath the bed
Where my two boots should be.
I called the wife and I said to her,
"Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns those boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be?"

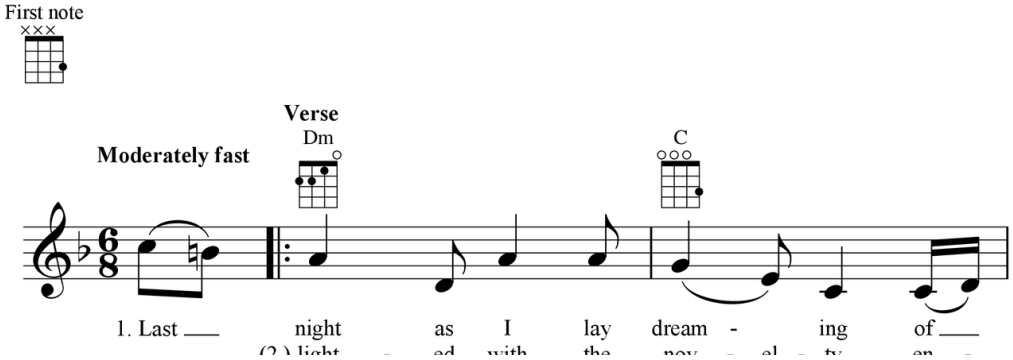
Chorus: "Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, until you cannot see.
And that's me lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me."
Well, it's many's the day I've traveled a hundred miles or more,
But laces on a geranium pot I never seen before.

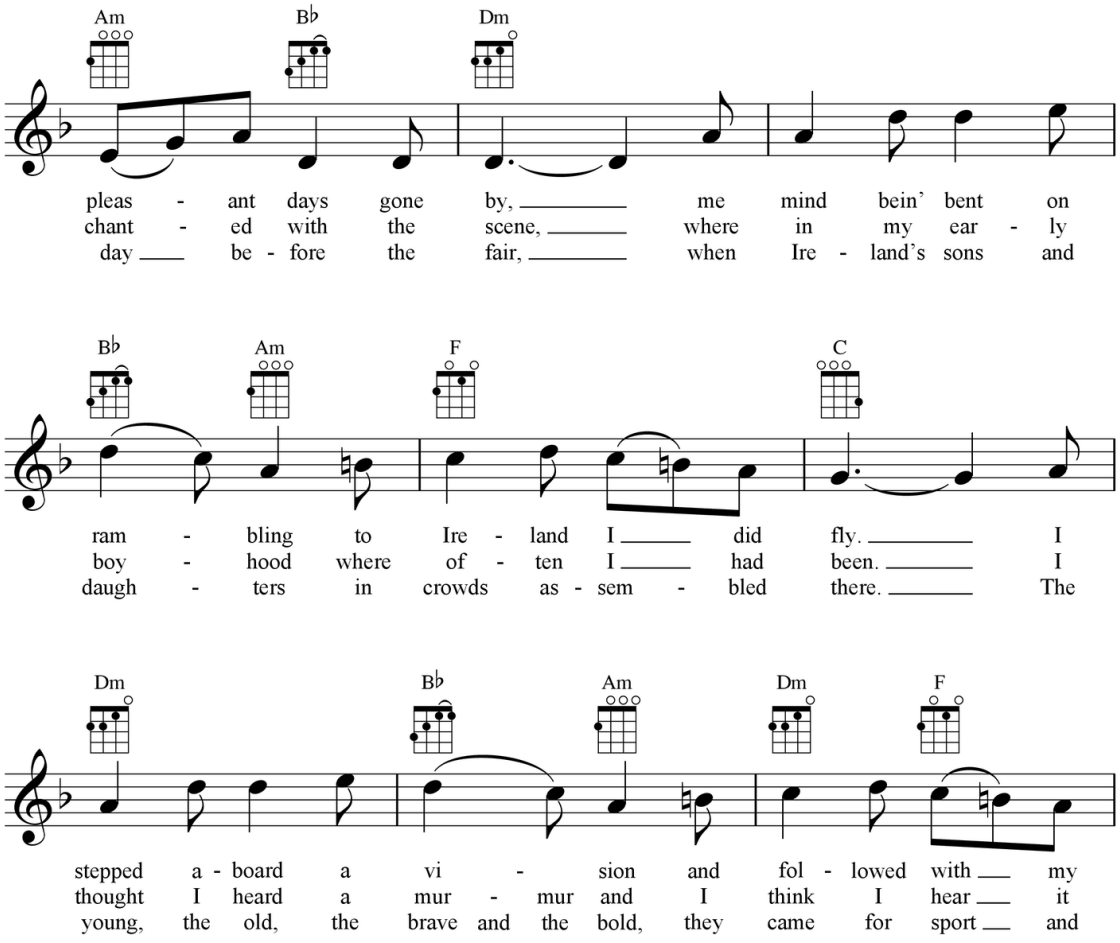
5. And as I went home on Friday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw'r a head upon the bed
Where my old head should be.
So, I called the wife and I said to her,
"Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that head upon the bed
Where my old head should be?"

Chorus: "Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me."
Hey, it's many's the day I've traveled a hundred miles or more,
But a baby boy with whiskers on I never seen before.

Spancil Hill

Traditional Irish Folk Song



(2.) fight - ed with the hov - er - ty, en -
(3.) be - ing the twen - ty - third of June, the ___
(4.–6.) *See additional lyrics*

Am B♭ Dm
pleas - ant days gone by, ___ me mind bein' bent on
chant - ed with the scene, ___ where in my ear - ly
day ___ be - fore the fair, ___ when Ire - land's sons and
B♭ Am F C
ram - bling to Ire - land I ___ did fly. ___ I
boy - hood where of - ten I ___ had been. ___ I
daugh - ters in crowds as - sem - bled there. ___ The
Dm B♭ Am Dm F
stepped a - board a vi - sion and fol - lowed with ___ my
thought I heard a mur - mur and I think I hear ___ it
young, the old, the brave and the bold, they came for sport ___ and

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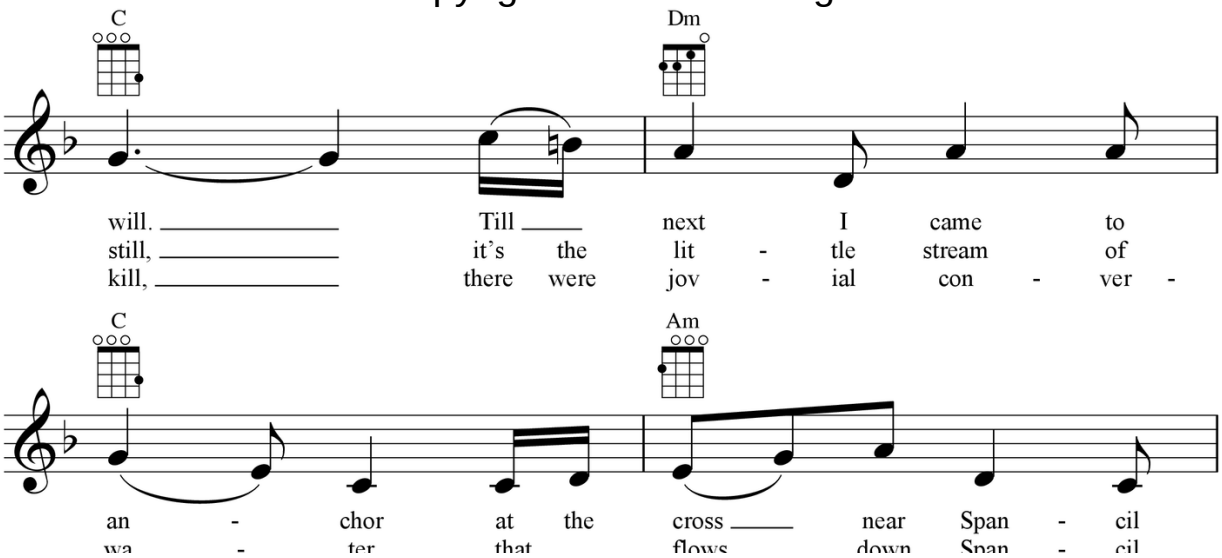
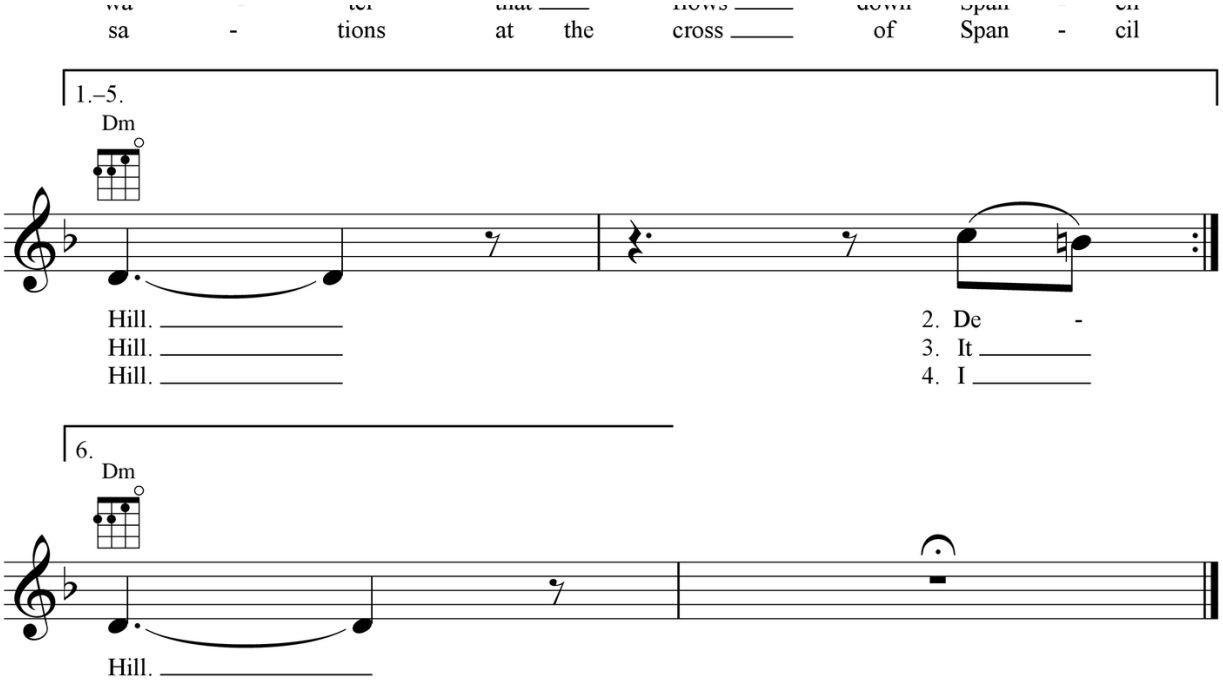

C Dm
will. ___ Till ___ next I came to
still, ___ it's the lit - tle stream of
kill, ___ there were jov - ial con - ver -
C Am
an - chor at the cross ___ near Span - cil
wa - ter that flows down Span - cil



Additional Lyrics

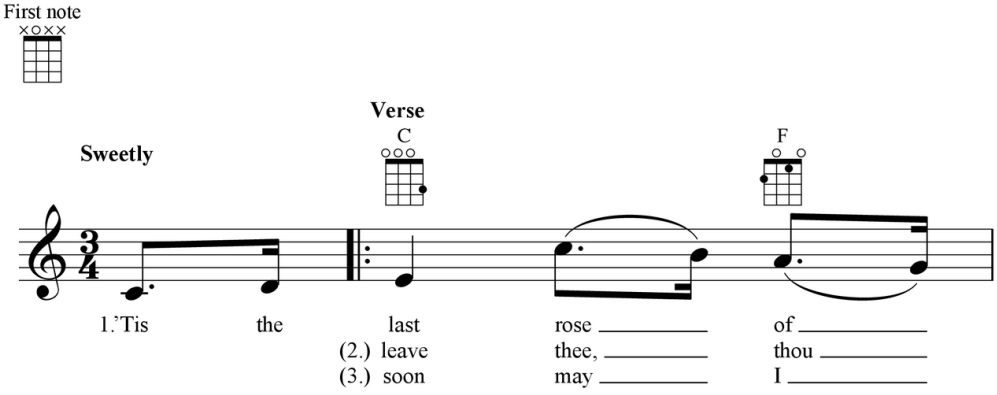
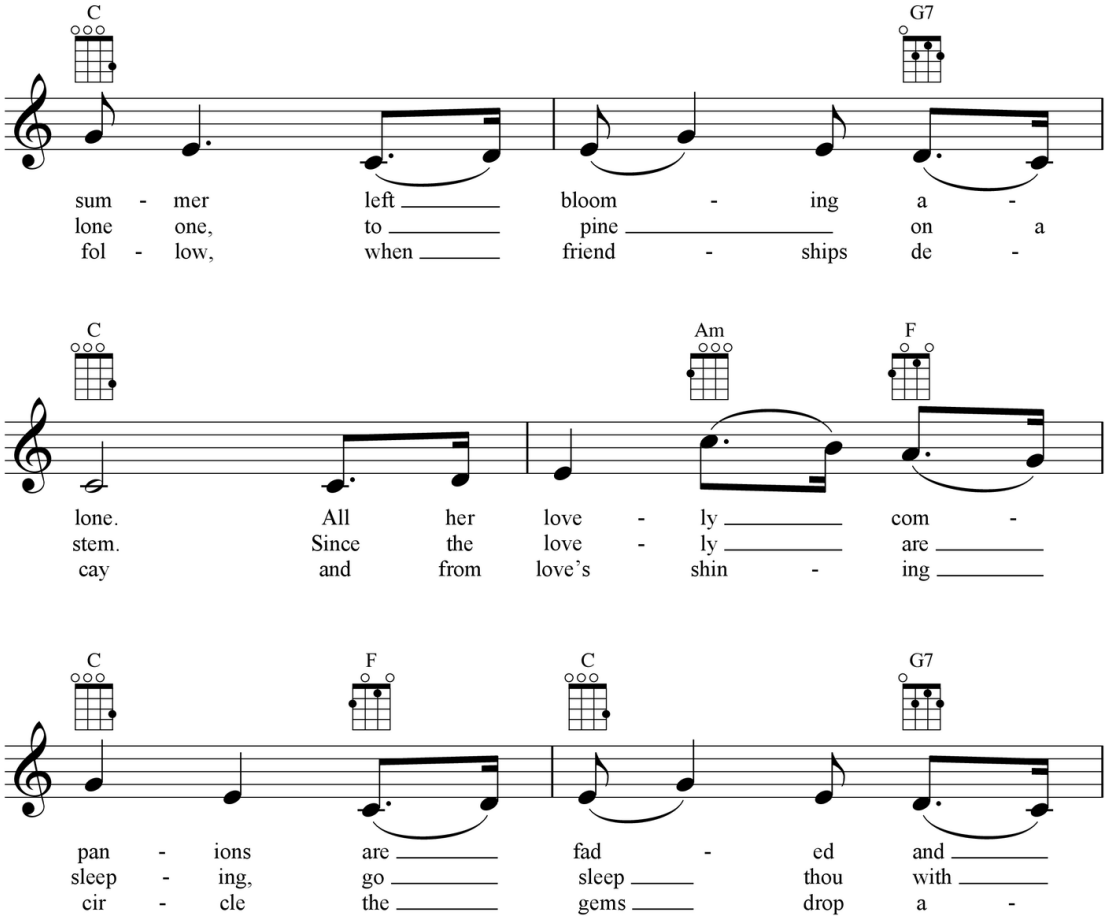
4. I went to see my neighbors, to hear what they might say,
   The old ones were all dead and gone, the others turning grey.
   I met with tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
   Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

5. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
   She's white as any lily and gentle as a dove.
   She threw her arms around me, saying, "Johnny, I love you still."
   She's Mag, the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill.

6. I dreamt I stooped and kissed her as in the days of yore.
   She said, "Johnny, you're only joking, as many's the time before."
   The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
   And I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

'Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

Words by Thomas Moore



C
G7
sum - mer left bloom - ing a -
lone one, to pine on a
fol - low, when friend - ships de -
C
Am
F
lone. All her love - ly com -
stem. Since the love - ly are
cay and from love's shin - ing
C
F
C
G7
pan - ions are fad - ed and
sleep - ing, go sleep thou with
cir - cle the gems drop a -

Music by Richard Alfred Milliken
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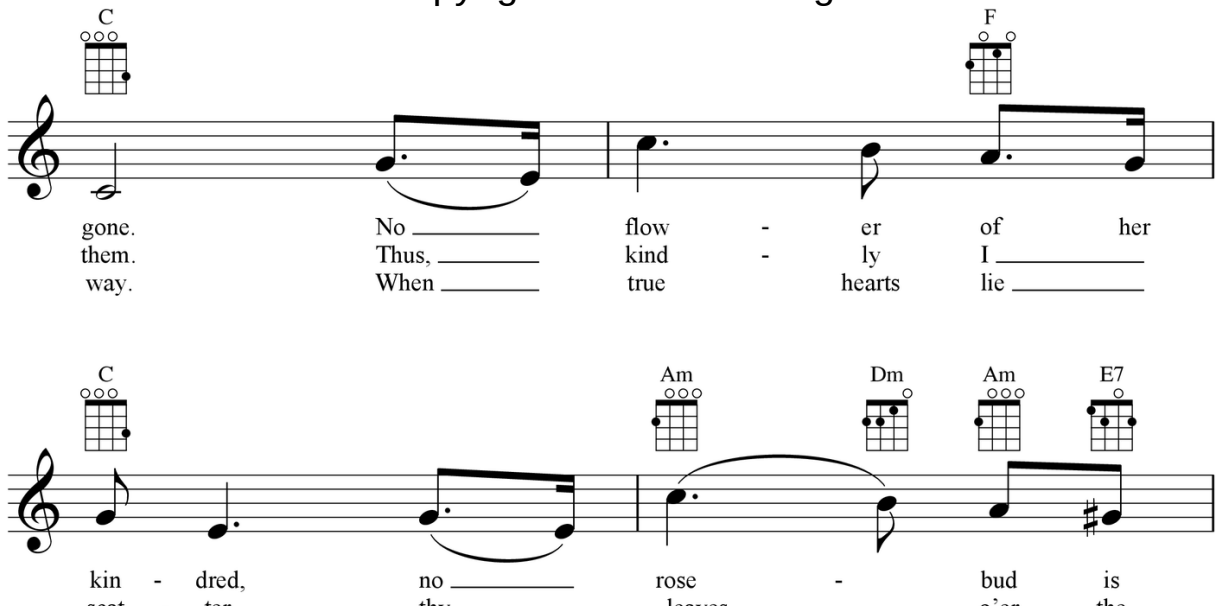
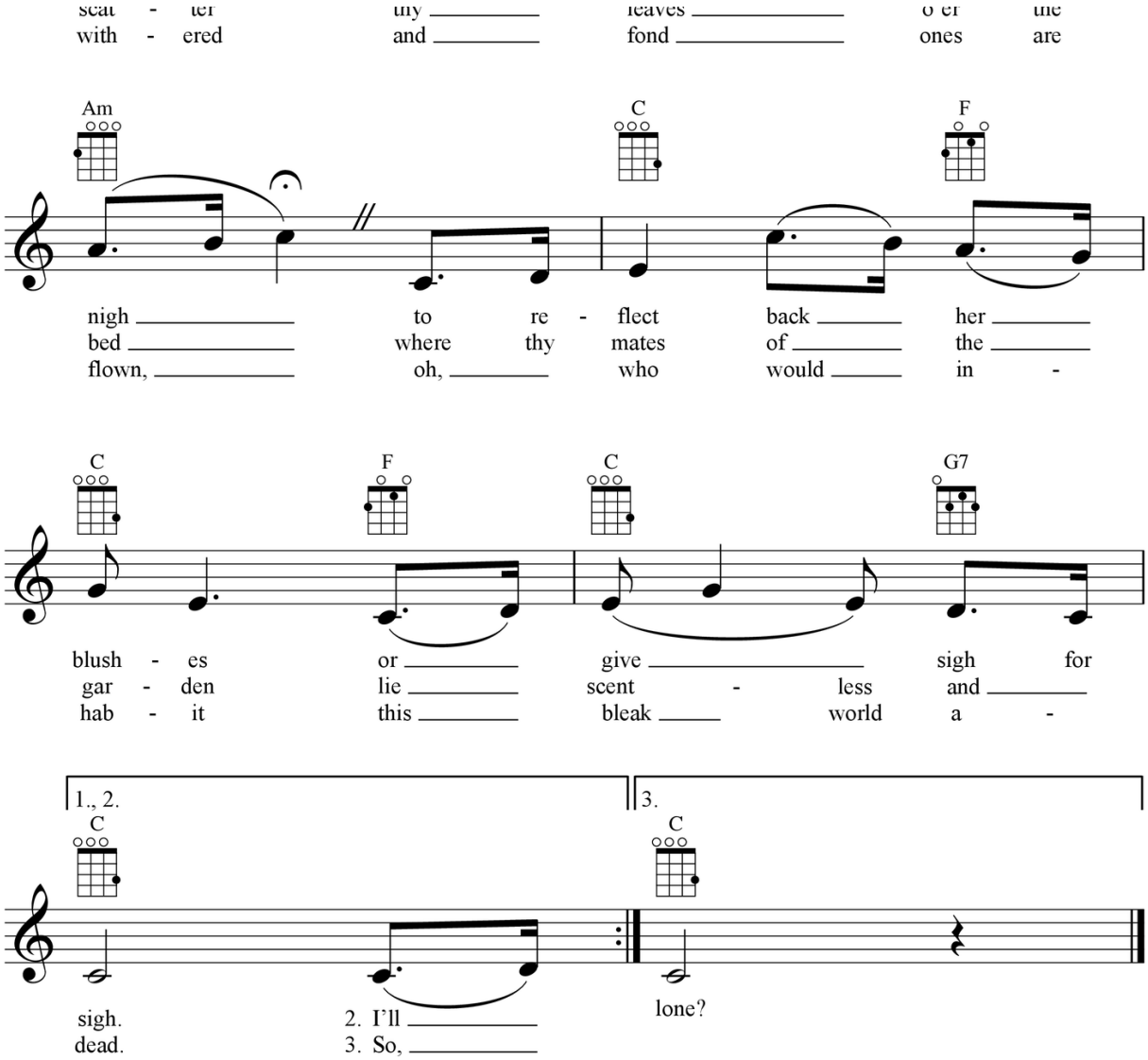
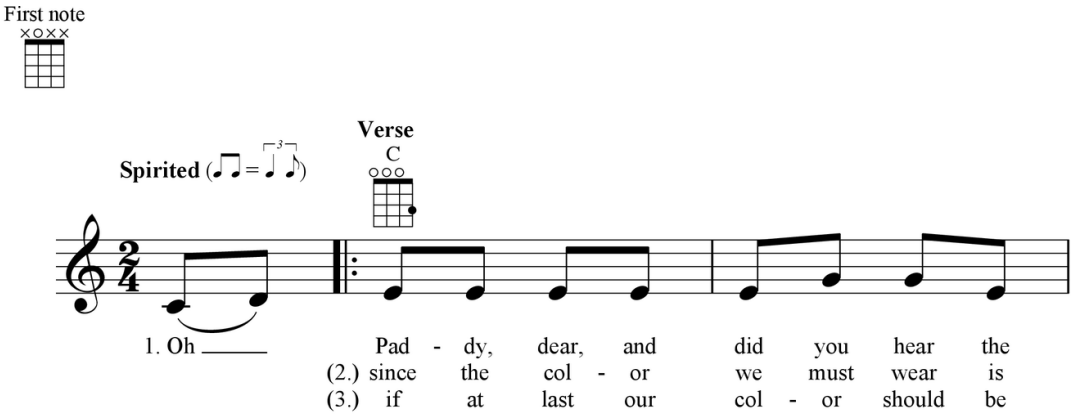
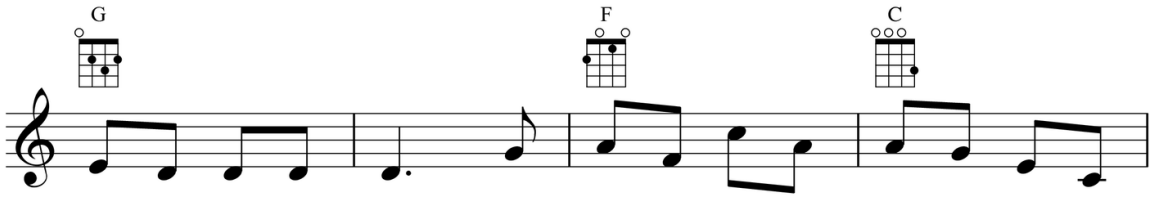
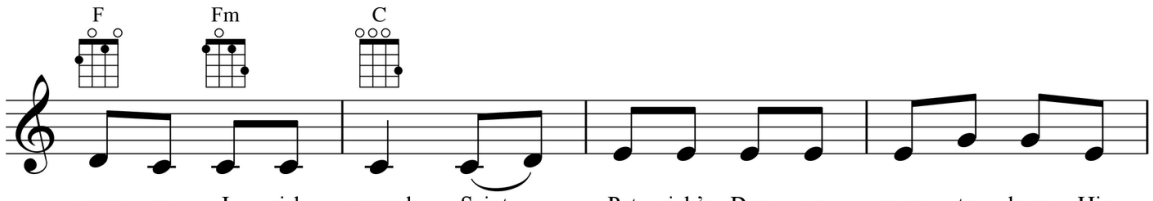


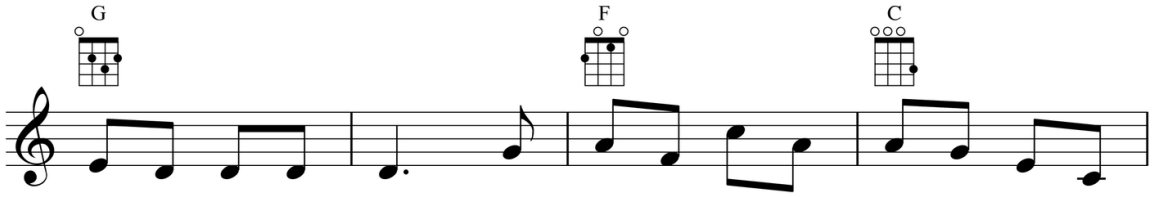
scat - ter thy leaves o'er the
with - ered and fond ones are
Am C F
nigh to re - flect back her
bed where thy mates of the
flown, oh, who would in -
C F C G7
blush - es or give sigh for
gar - den lie scent - less and
hab - it this bleak world a -
1., 2. 3.
C C
sigh. 2. I'll lone?
dead. 3. So,

The Wearing Of The Green

Eighteenth Century Irish Folksong


First note
Spirited (♫ = ♩ ♪)
Verse
C
1. Oh Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the
(2.) since the col - or we must wear is
(3.) if at last our col - or should be


G
F
C
news that's go - ing 'round? The sham - rock is for - bid by law to
Eng - land's cru - el red, sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the
torn from Ire - land's heart, her sons, with shame and sor - row, from the

F
Fm
C
grow on I - rish ground. Saint Pat - rick's Day no more to keep. His
blood that they have shed. You may take the sham - rock from your hat and
dear old soil will part. I've heard whis - pers of a coun - try that lies


G
F
C
col - or can't be seen, for there's a blood - y law a - gin' the
cast it on the sod, but 'twill take root and flour - ish still, though
far be - yond the sea, where rich and poor stand e - qual in the

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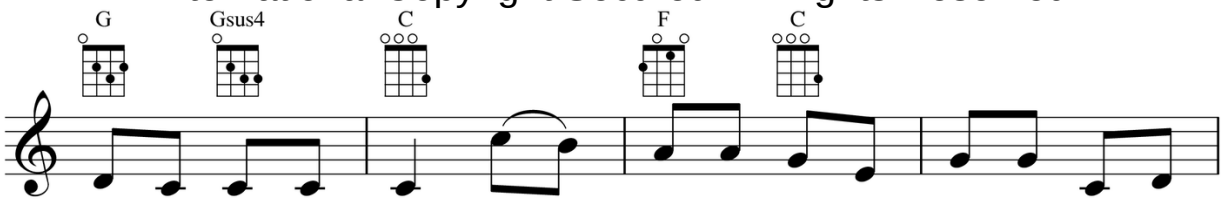
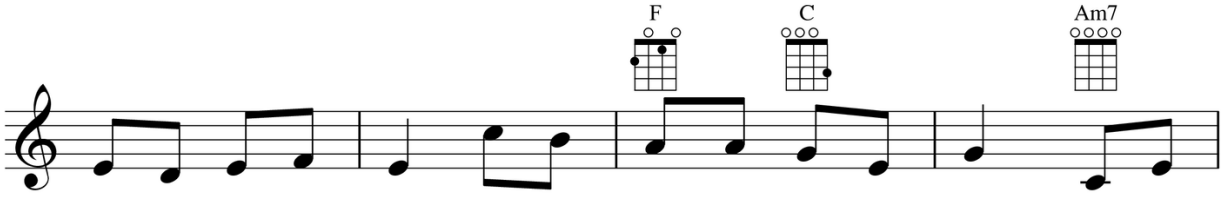
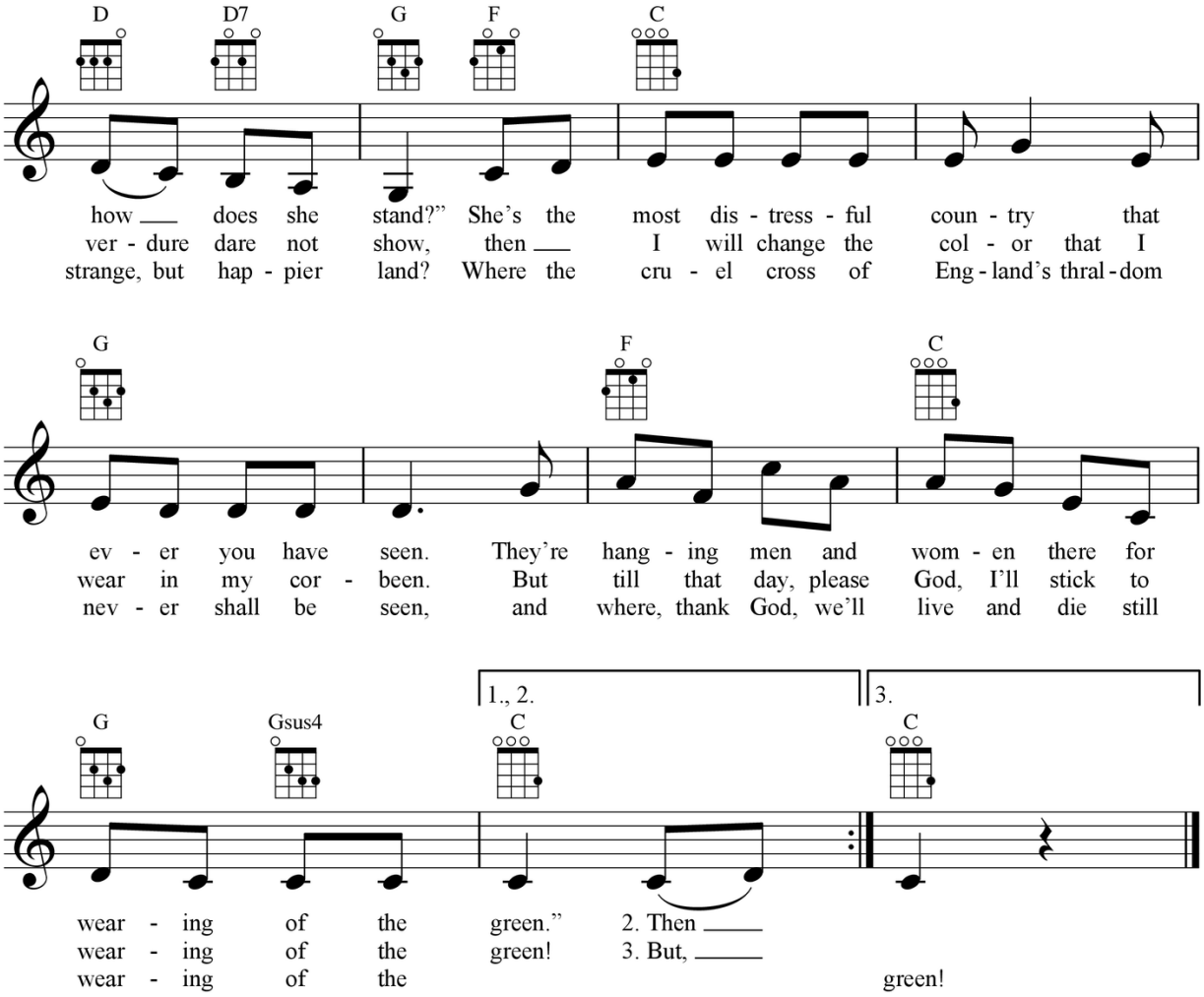
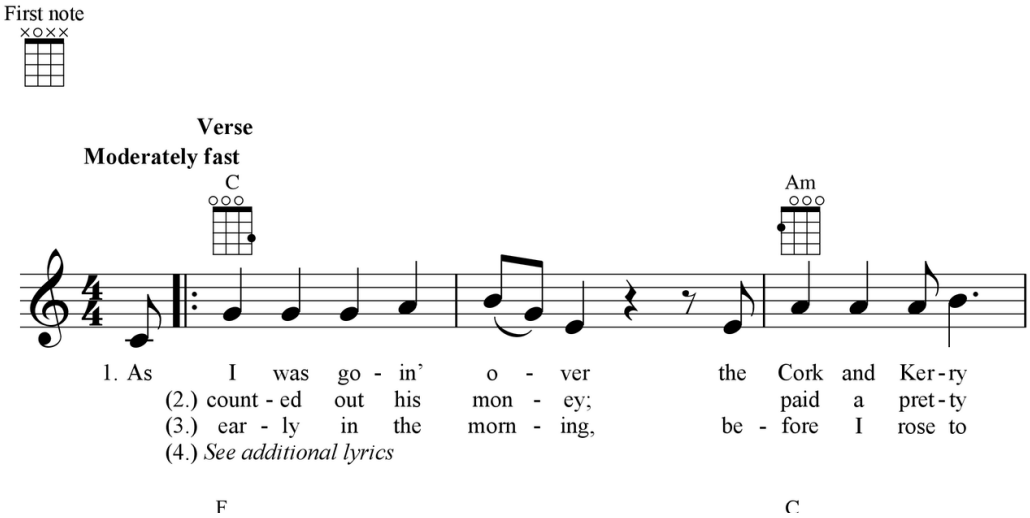
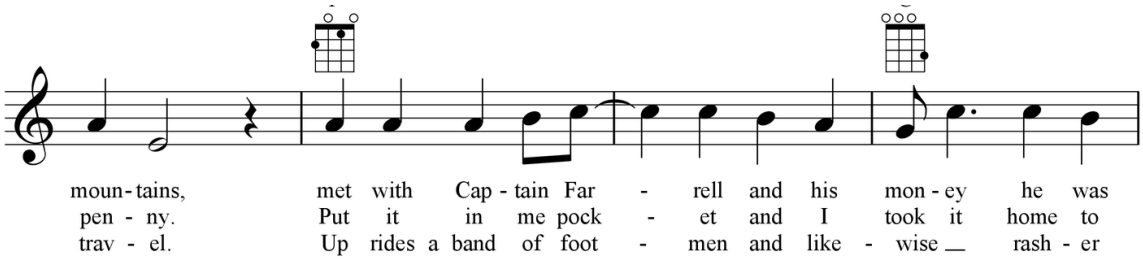

G
Gsus4
C
F
C
wear - ing of the green. I met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he
un - der - foot it's trod. When the law can stop the blades of grass from
light of free - dom's day. Oh, Er - in, must we leave you, driv - en

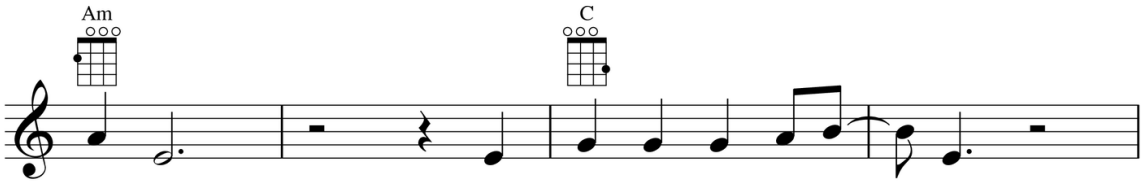

F
C
Am7
took me by the hand, and he said, "How's poor old Ire - land and
grow - ing as they grow, and when the leaves in sum - mer - time their
by the ty - rant's hand? Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a

D D7 G F C
how ___ does she stand?" She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that
ver - dure dare not show, then ___ I will change the col - or that I
strange, but hap - pier land? Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom
G F C
ev - er you have seen. They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for
wear in my cor - been. But till that day, please God, I'll stick to
nev - er shall be seen, and where, thank God, we'll live and die still
1., 2. 3.
G Gsus4 C C
wear - ing of the green." 2. Then ___
wear - ing of the green! 3. But, ___
wear - ing of the green!

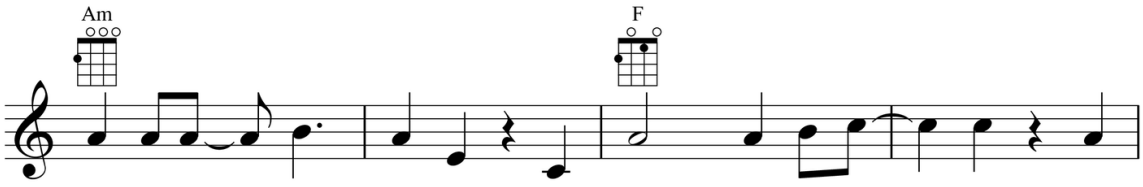
Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song


First note
Verse
Moderately fast
C Am
1. As I was go - in' o - ver the Cork and Ker - ry
(2.) count - ed out his mon - ey; paid a pret - ty
(3.) ear - ly in the morn - ing, be - fore I rose to
(4.) See additional lyrics
F C


moun - tains, met with Cap - tain Far - rell and his mon - ey he was
pen - ny. Put it in me pock - et and I took it home to
trav - el. Up rides a band of foot - men and like - wise rash - er




Am
F
then pro - duced me ra - pier. Sing, "Stand and de - liv - er. I
she nev - er would de - ceive me. The dev - il take the wom - en for they
she stole a - way me ra - pier. Could - n't shoot the wa - ter, so a

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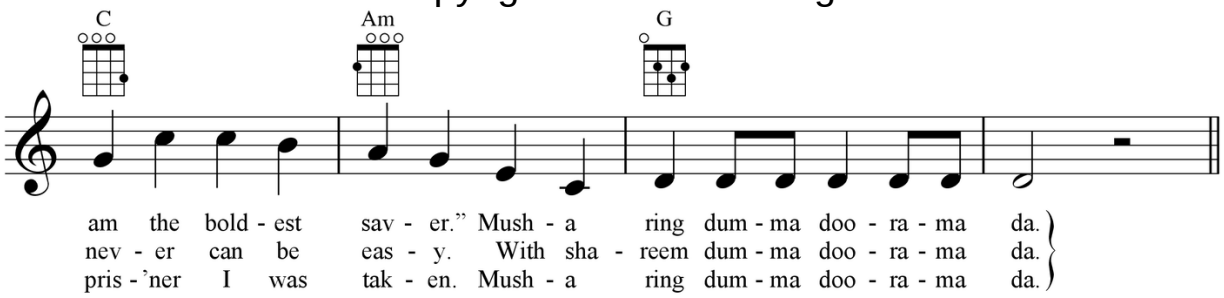
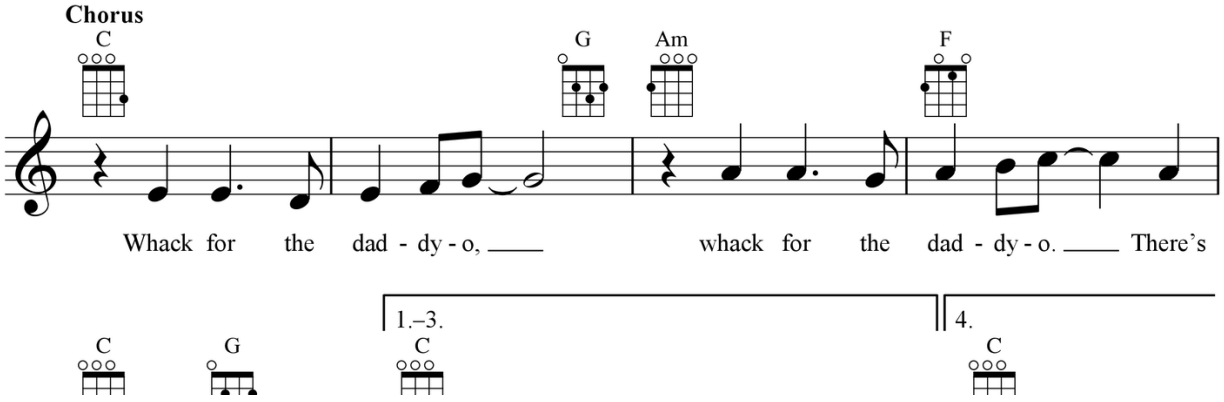
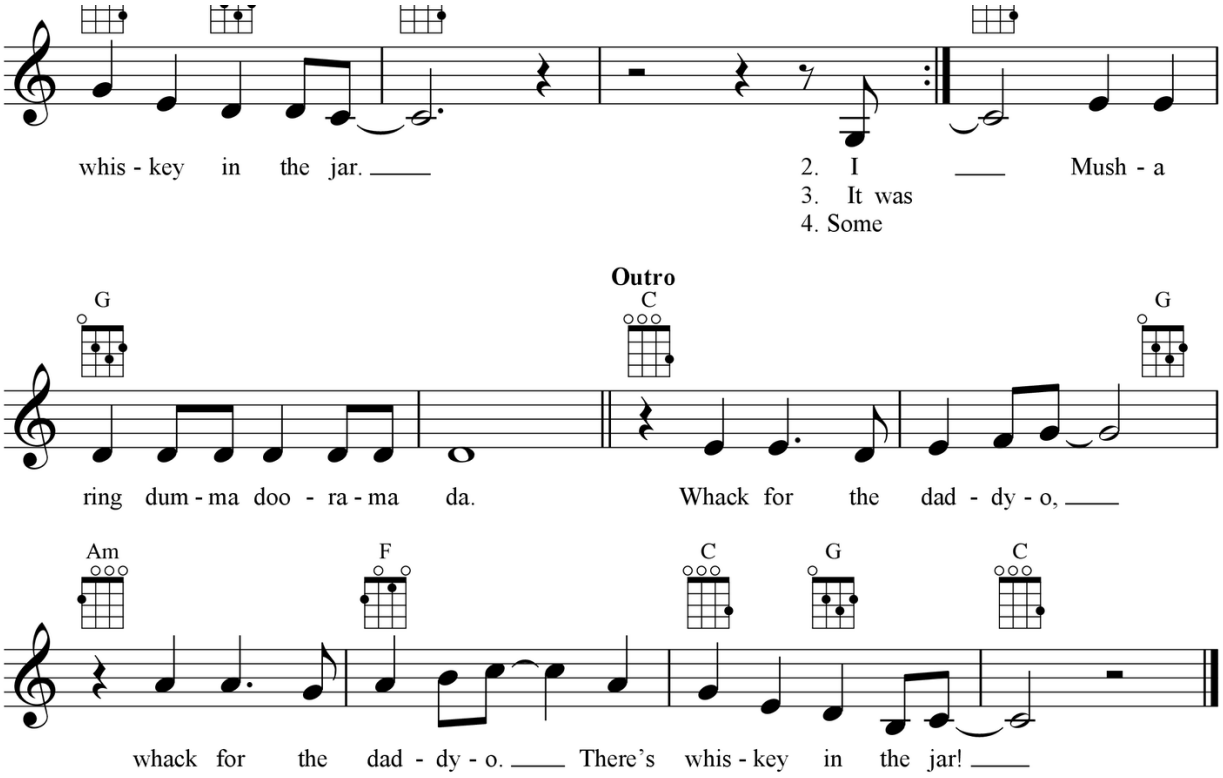

C
Am
G
am the bold - est sav - er." Mush - a ring dum - ma doo - ra - ma da.
nev - er can be eas - y. With sha - reem dum - ma doo - ra - ma da.
pris - 'ner I was tak - en. Mush - a ring dum - ma doo - ra - ma da.



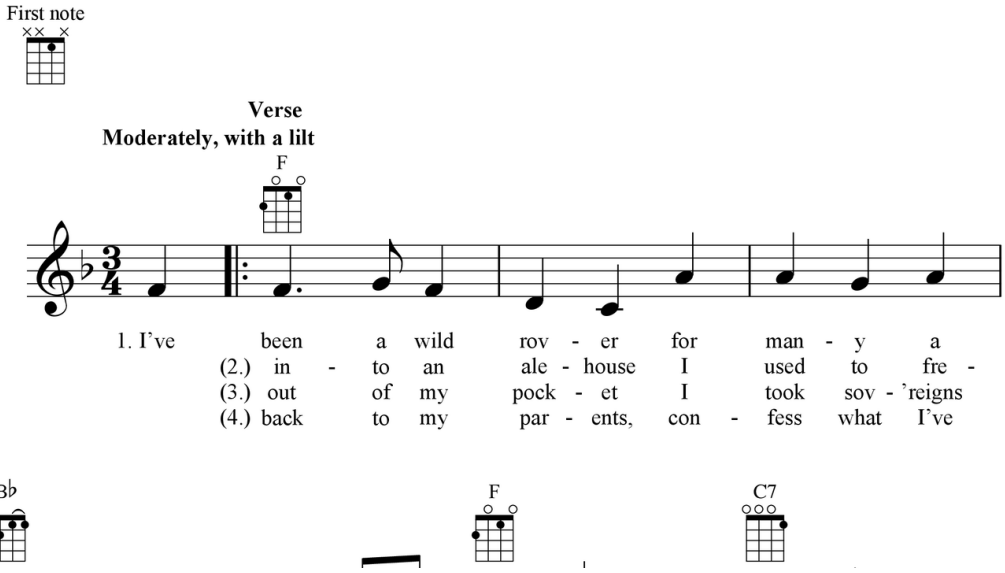


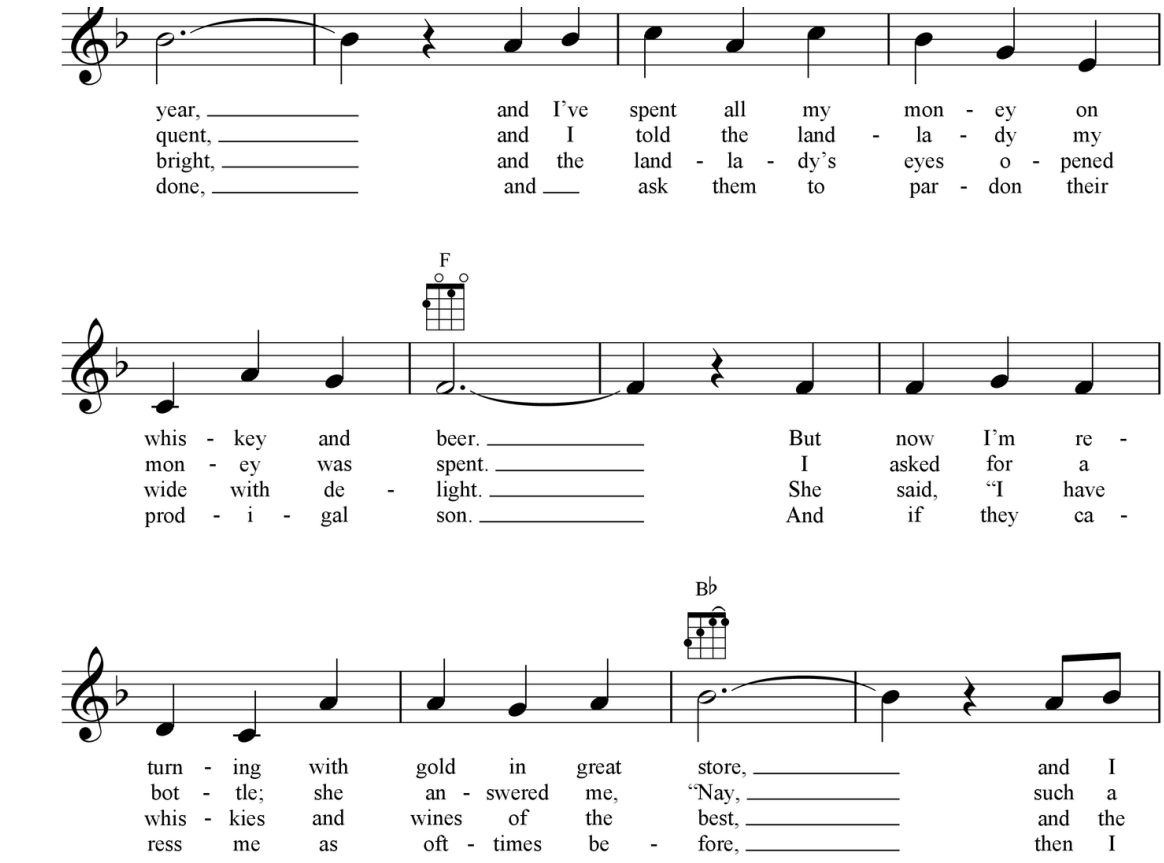
Additional Lyrics

4. Some take delight in the fishin' and the fowlin'.
Others take delight in the carriage gently rollin'.
Ah, but I take delight in the juice of the barley;
Courtin' pretty women in the mountains of Killarney.
Musha ring dumma doo-rama da.

Wild Rover

Traditional Irish Folk Song


First note
Verse
Moderately, with a lilt
F
1. I've been a wild rov - er for man - y a
(2.) in - to an ale - house I used to fre -
(3.) out of my pock - et I took sov - 'reigns
(4.) back to my par - ents, con - fess what I've
B♭
F
C7


year, and I've spent all my mon - ey on
quent, and I told the land - la - dy my
bright, and the land - la - dy's eyes o - pened
done, and ask them to par - don their
F
whis - key and beer. But now I'm re -
mon - ey was spent. I asked for a
wide with de - light. She said, "I have
prod - i - gal son. And if they ca -
B♭
turn - ing with gold in great store, and I
bot - tle; she an - swered me, "Nay, such a
whis - kies and wines of the best, and the
ress me as oft - times be - fore, then I

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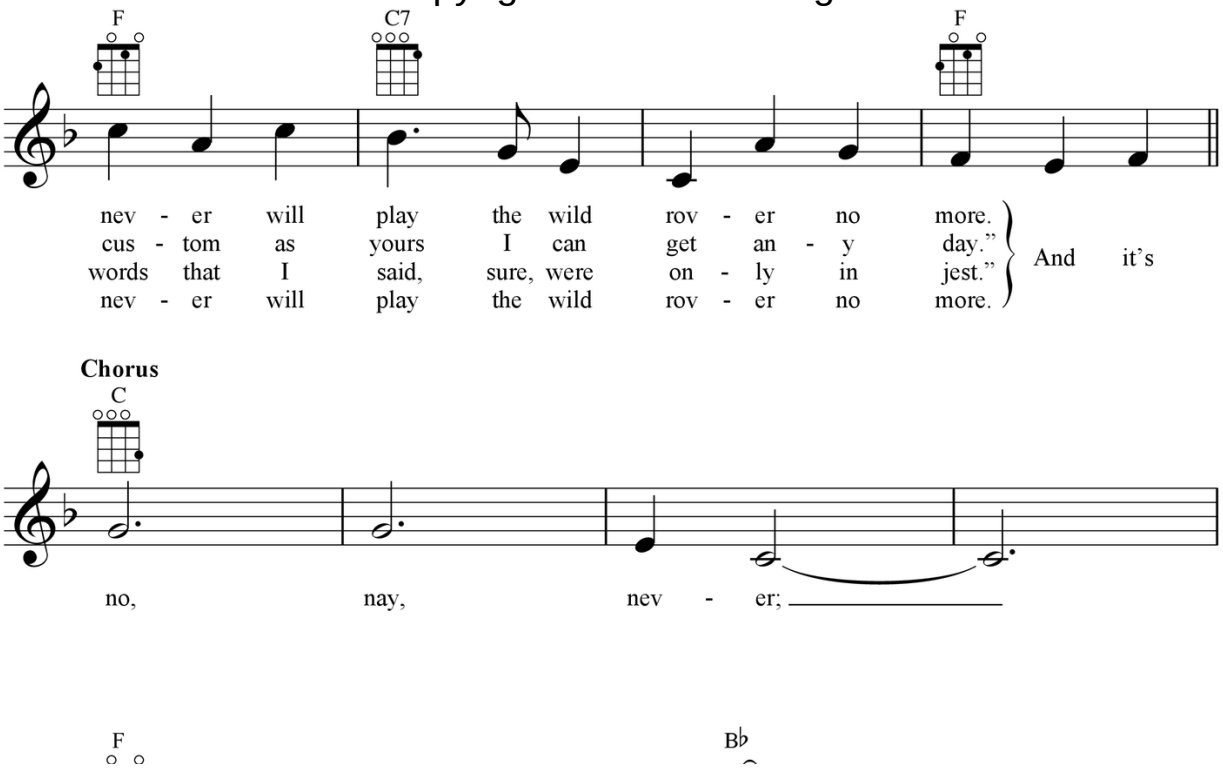
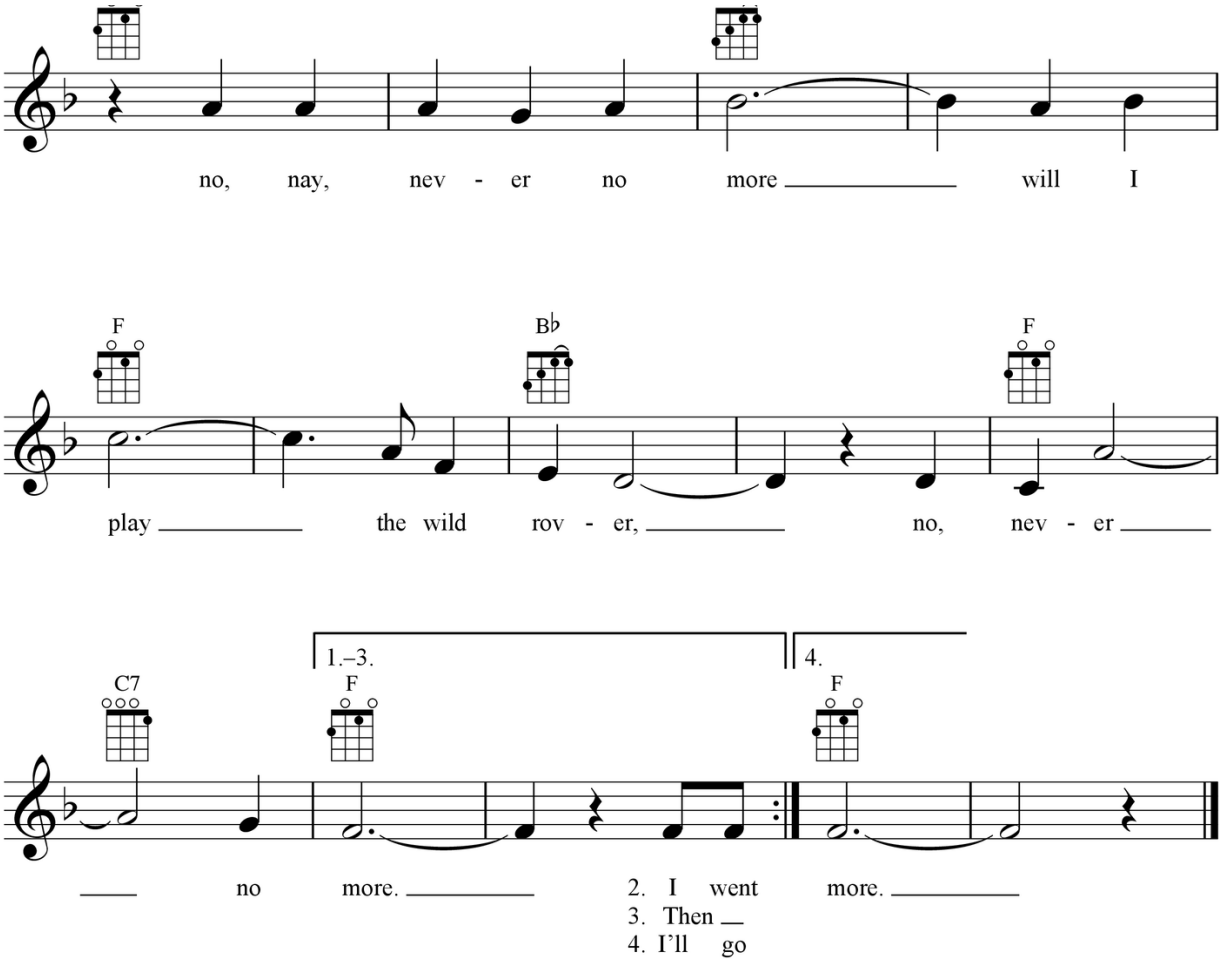
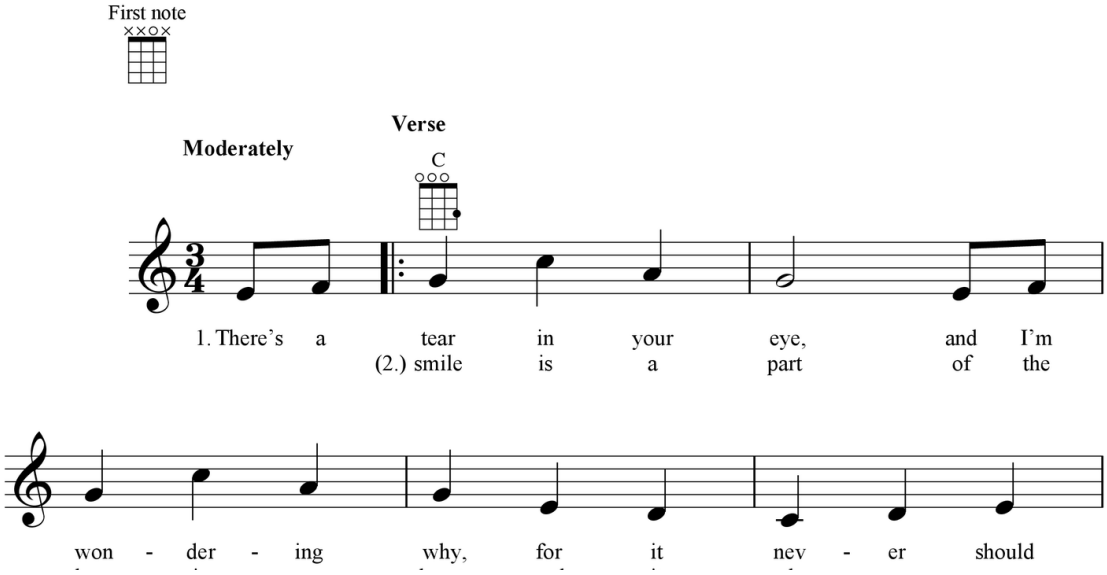
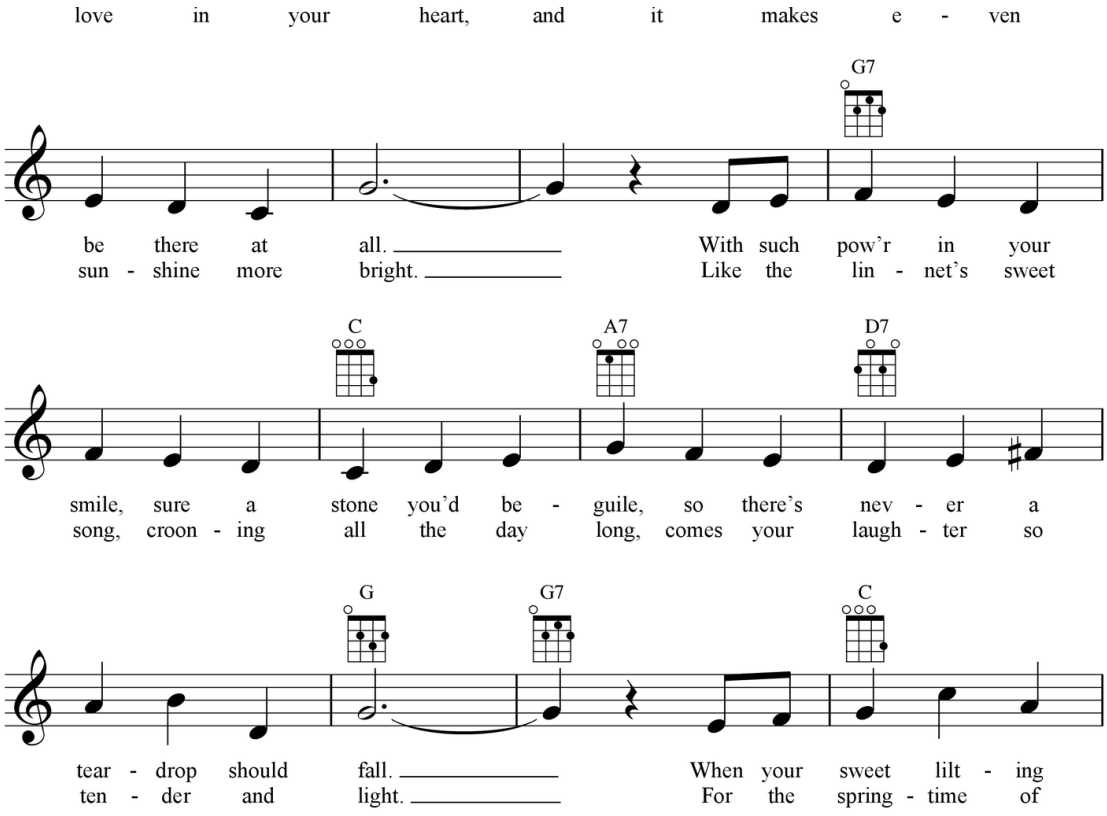

F
C7
F
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
cus - tom as yours I can get an - y day."
words that I said, sure, were on - ly in jest."
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
And it's
Chorus
C
no, nay, nev - er;
F
B♭



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Words by Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr.
Music by Ernest R. Ball




love in your heart, and it makes e - ven
G7
be there at all. With such pow'r in your
sun - shine more bright. Like the lin - net's sweet
C
A7
D7
smile, sure a stone you'd be - guile, so there's nev - er a
song, croon - ing all the day long, comes your laugh - ter so
G
G7
C
tear - drop should fall. When your sweet lilt - ing
ten - der and light. For the spring - time of

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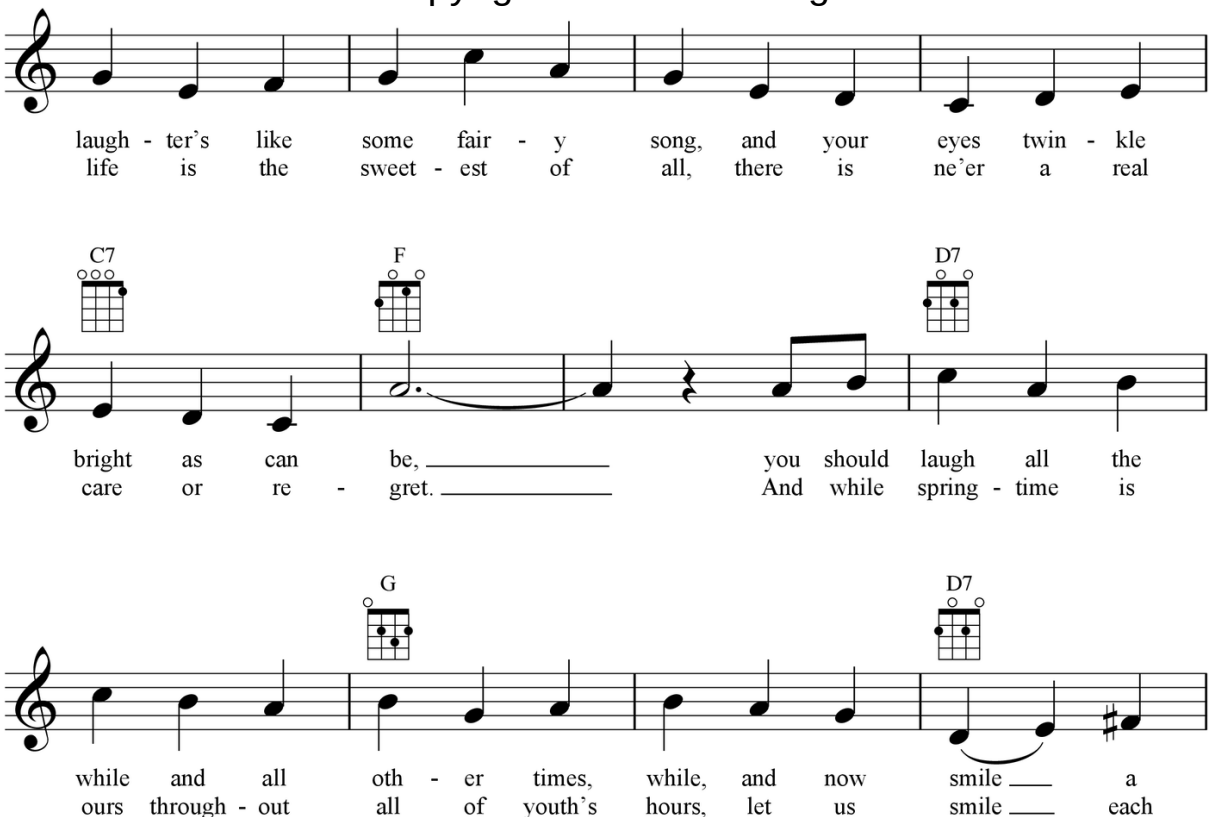
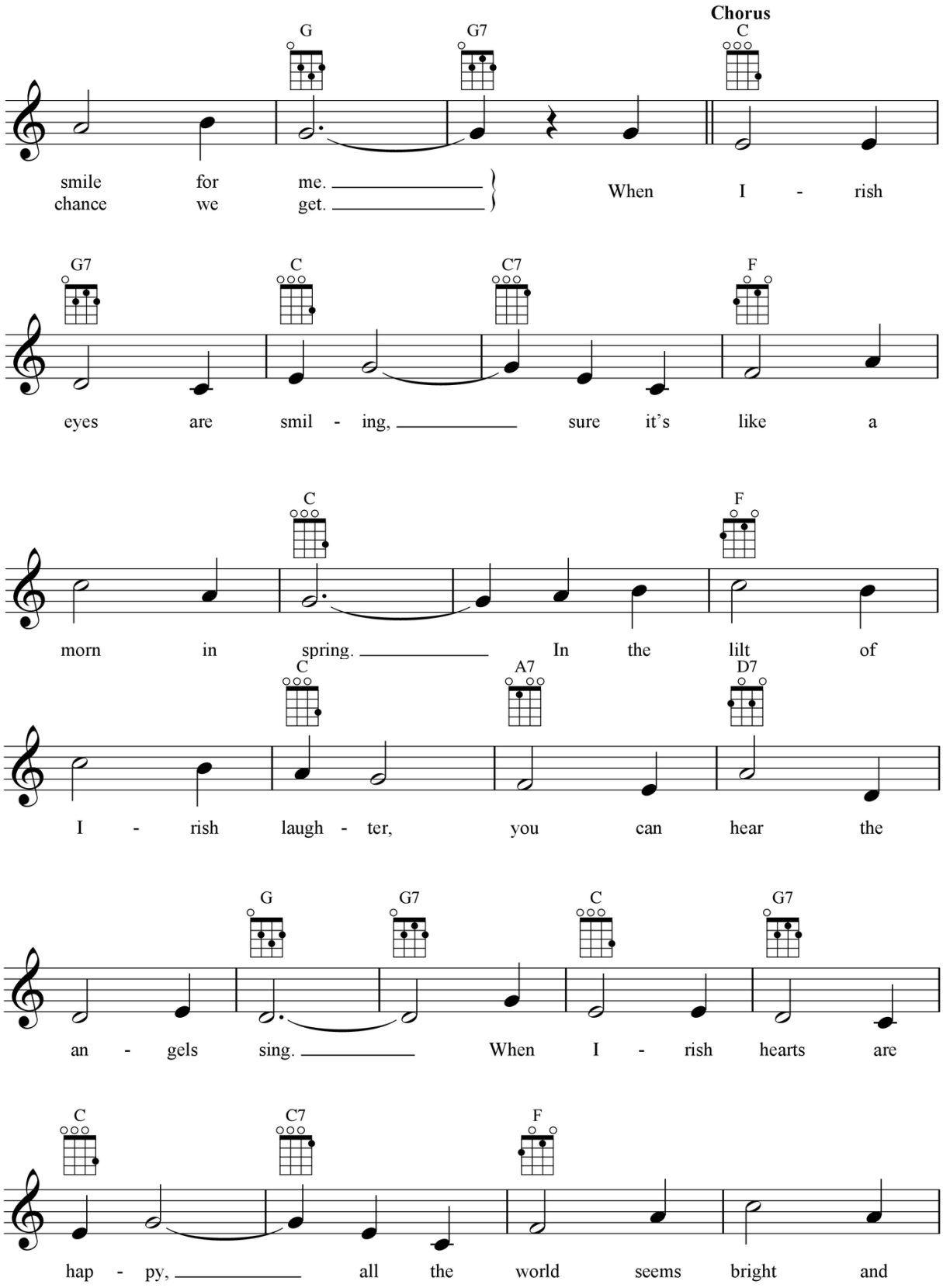
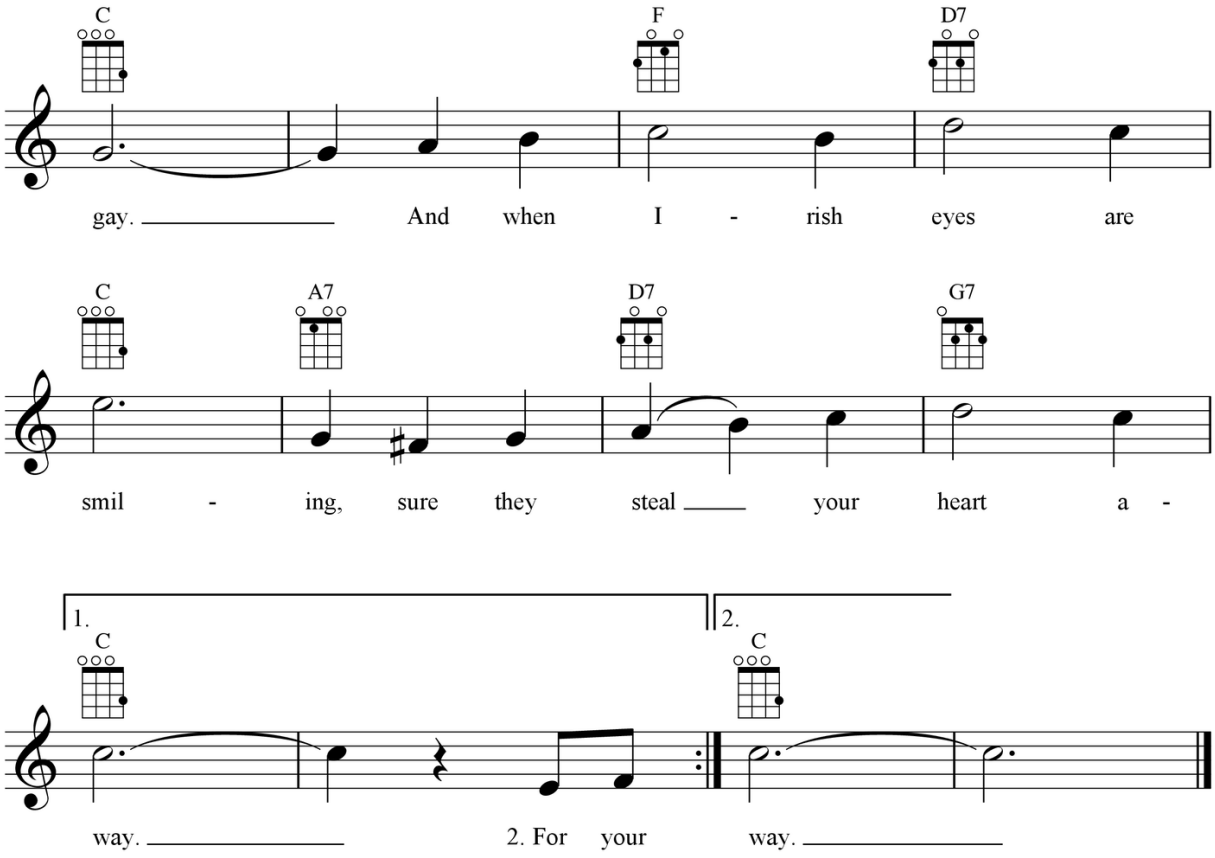

laugh - ter's like some fair - y song, and your eyes twin - kle
life is the sweet - est of all, there is ne'er a real
C7
F
D7
bright as can be, you should laugh all the
care or re - gret. And while spring - time is
G
D7
while and all oth - er times, while, and now smile a
ours through - out all of youth's hours, let us smile each

Chorus
G
G7
C
smile for me.
chance we get.
When I - rish
G7
C
C7
F
eyes are smil - ing,
sure it's like a
C
F
morn in spring.
In the lilt of
C
A7
D7
I - rish laugh - ter,
you can hear the
G
G7
C
G7
an - gels sing.
When I - rish hearts are
C
C7
F
hap - py,
all the world seems bright and

C
F
D7
gay. And when I - rish eyes are
C
A7
D7
G7
smil - ing, sure they steal your heart a -
1.
C
2.
C
way. 2. For your way.

IRISH UKULELE SONGBOOK

Melody, lyrics and chord diagrams for standard G-C-E-A tuning.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Black Velvet Band

Carrickfergus

The Croppy Boy

Danny Boy

Down by the Salley Gardens

The Fields of Athenry

Finnegan's Wake

The Foggy Dew

The Galway Piper

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

I'll Tell Me Ma

The Irish Rover

The Irish Washerwoman

Johnny, I Hardly Knew You

MacNamara's Band

Minstrel Boy

Molly Malone (Cockles & Mussels)

My Wild Irish Rose

The Parting Glass

Red Is the Rose

The Rose of Tralee

Seven Drunken Nights

Spancil Hill

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral (That's an Irish Lullaby)

The Wearing of the Green

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Whiskey in the Jar

Wild Rover

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